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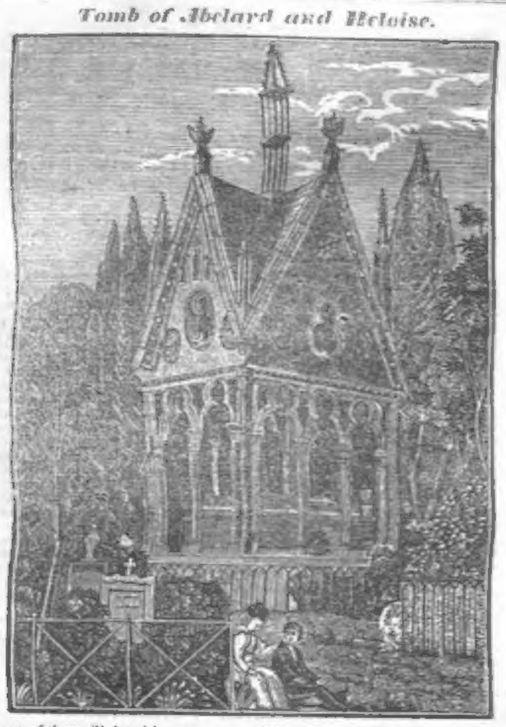
Tomb of Abelard and Heloise.



The monument of these ill-fated lovers, seems at last to have found a permanent asylum in Pere la Chaise. Its history is almost as curious as their own.

Abelard died and was buried in the priory of St. Marcel, near Chalons-sur-Soane, at the latter end of April, 1142. At the earnest request of Heloise, his remains were transferred to her abbey of the Paraclete, in November of the same year; and in May, 1163, she herself was buried, conformably to her will, in the same tomb. In 1497, we read of the separation of their bones into distinct tombs, at the entrance of the choir of the great church of the abbey. In 1630, they were removed by the abbess Marie de la Rochefoucauld to the chapel of the Trinity.

Here they rested until the Revolution, when the inhabitants of Nogent-sur-Seine transferred them from the Paraclete to a vault of their church; whence again they were removed, in 1800, to the garden of the Musée des Monumens Français. At this time the principal bones of both were found in good preservation. M. Lenoir, the keeper of the museum, now constructed the present Gothic sepulchral chapel (in which these remains are enclosed) out of the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete; uniting with them an ancient tomb from the priory of St. Marcel, in which the body of Abelard is said to have been at first placed. On the dissolution of the Musée, the entire monument was transferred to Pere la Chaise.

It appears at a short distance on the right of the principal entrance, and is a parallelogram of 14 feet by 11, having 24 feet of height. A steeple of twelve feet rises from the roof, and four smaller spires terminate the angles. Fourteen columns, six feet high, support ten highly-decorated arcades: the pediments are ornamented with bas-reliefs, roses and medallions.

In the interior, Abelard appears in a recumbent posture, with the hands joined: a statue of Heloise being placed at his side. Around the sarcophagus are representations of different fathers of the church; and at the foot is an appropriate Latin inscription.

The interest excited by these monuments, of all covers, is not recent: it is not one of national or political sentiment; but no tomb in the ground has half so many, or a tithe so many fresh chaplets as that of Abelard and Heloise. An astronomer would pass by the humble monument of Ney, *brave des braves*, to hang his chaplet on the narrow marble house of La Place; and the soldier might leave unhonoured the sepulchre of David or St. Pierre, to suspend his offering over the Prince of the Moskwa. But all men and women have been lovers; and there is still, at whatever their age, "one corner in their heart that is sorry" for the poor pair of the Paraclete. If ever these tender sympathies should be extinct in other countries, they would always glow in the hearts of the French, to whom the memory of the monument of Heloise may be safely committed. Many a tender vow has been made here; and at some of the perjuries Jove has laughed, for martyrdoms have ceased in love and faith.

"If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,—
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
'O may we never love as these have loved.'"

The story of Abelard may not be fresh in the minds of all our readers, and we therefore give a brief recapitulation of its leading incidents. Abelard was a monk of the order of St. Bernard, who excelled in poetry, rhetoric, philosophy and theology. He lectured on these sciences, and became distinguished for his learning and attainments. His devotion to his studies undermined his health, and he repaired to Paris, where he became acquainted with Heloise, niece to Fulbert, a canon of that city, then of the age of 17 years. Few ladies surpassed her in beauty—none equalled her in genius and knowledge. Abelard, although already of the age of 39 years, became inspired with such violent love for Heloise, as to forget his duty, his lectures, and his fame. Heloise was no less susceptible. Under the pretext of finishing her education, Abelard obtained Fulbert's permission to visit her, and finally became a resident in the house of the canon. The lovers lived several months in the utmost happiness, occupied more with their love than with their studies; but the verses in which Abelard celebrated his passion, were circulated in Paris, and finally reached the eyes of Fulbert. He separated the lovers, but too late; Heloise was already enceinte. Abelard fled with her to Bretagne, where she was delivered of a son, who died, however, early. He now resolved to marry her secretly. Fulbert was obliged to give his consent, and Heloise, who, from a false delicacy, preferred to be his mistress rather than his wife, and had formerly written to him that she would not deprive the world of so great a man by domestic cares, at last consented. The marriage was performed, and, in order to keep it secret, Heloise remained with her uncle, whilst Abelard retained his former lodgings, and continued his lectures. They saw each other but seldom; Fulbert, however, thought the reputation of his niece would be injured by this secret union, and made it known; but Heloise, valuing Abelard's fame higher than her own good name, denied her marriage with an oath. Fulbert manifested his anger by ill treatment; to deliver her from which, Abelard carried her away a second time, and placed her in the convent of Argenteuil. Fulbert erroneously believed it was intended to force her to take the veil, and, under the influence of rage, he subjected Abelard to an ignominious mutilation. Abelard became, in consequence, a monk in the abbey of St. Denis, and Heloise took the veil at Argenteuil. After time had somewhat moderated his grief, he resumed his lectures, and was so heresy as the council of Soissons, 1122, on account of his Essay on the Trinity. They succeeded in having it declared heretical, and Abelard was condemned to burn it with his own hands. Continued persecutions obliged him at last to leave the abbey of St. Denis, and to retire to a place near Nogent-sur-Seine, where he built an oratory, which he dedicated to the Holy Ghost, and called it *Paraclete*. Being subsequently appointed abbot of St. Gildas de Ruys, he invited Heloise and her religious sisterhood to reside at his chapel Paraclete, and received them there. The lovers saw each other here again for the first time after a separation of 11 years. Abelard lived afterwards at St. Gildas, which afforded him but a gloomy residence, troubled by unsuccessful attempts to reform the monastery, and struggling always with his love for Heloise, and hatred of the monks, who even threatened his life. St. Bernard, who had long refused to proceed against a man whom he esteemed, finally yielded to the remonstrances of his friends, laid the doctrines of Abelard before the council of Sens, in 1140, had them condemned by the Pope, and obtained an order for his imprisonment. Abelard appealed to the Pope, published his defence, and went to Rome. Passing through Cluny, he visited Peter the Venerable, who was abbot there. This humane and enlightened divine effected a reconciliation between him and his enemies; but Abelard resolved to end his days in retirement. The severe penances which he imposed upon himself, together with the grief which never left his heart, gradually consumed his strength, and he died, a pattern of monastic discipline, in 1142, at the abbey of St. Marcel, near Chalons-sur-Soane, at the age of 63 years.

From the New-England Magazine.

THE ROSE IN WINTER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O, why do I hold thee, my fair only rose,
My brilliant little treasure—so dear;
And love thee a thousand times better than those
In thousands, that lately was here.

Because, like a friend when the many depart,
As fortune's cold storms gather round,
Till all from without chills the desolate heart,
My sweet winter-flower, thou art found!

Because, that for me thou hast budded and blown,
I look with such fondness on thee—
That, while I've no other, I can't thee my own,
And feel, thou art living for me.

I know thee. I've studied thy delicate form,
Til reared from the root to the flower
That opens to-day, in a season of storm,
To brighten so dreary an hour.

How could I so lavishly scatter my sight
On th' se, that the gay summer sun
Had nursed with its beams, when I found such delight,
From having and loving but one?

And while thou dost modestly blush at the praise,
That thus I in secret bestow,
It heightens thy beauty, and only can raise
The stream, high and higher to flow.

Although thou must droop, as our dearest ones will,
I'll tenderly watch the decline—
And, in thy red moments, I'll cherish thee still,
Because thou hast cheered me in mine.

Then, hollowed like dust of a friend in the tomb,
I'll lay thy pale leaves safe away,
While memory often shall give them the bloom
That brightened my dark winter day.

THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED

For refusing his drink.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ. R. H. A.

"You see there was wanst a mighty dacent boy, called Kishogue—and not a complater chap was in the parishes nor himself—and for drinkin' or courtin' (and by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, he was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin', or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at pattherns, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower of the flock. Well, to be sure, the gintlemen in the country did not believe him so well as his own sort—that is the elderly gintlemen, for as to the young 'squires, by gor they loved him like one of themselves, and bether a'most, for they knew well that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted—but the owld, studdy (steady) gintlemen—the responsible people like, didn't give into his ways at all—and, in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the country, body and bones, that the country would not be the worse w' it, in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the pattheridges wouldn't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lade an aisier life;—but they could get no howld of him good or bad, for he was as cute as a fox, and there was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel, a'most,—asleep wid his eyes open. Well; that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, until, as bad luck id hav it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and by dad how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue had a dhrop o' dhrink in; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see—that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the road side, and so, with that, he cotched the mare—that is, the mare, to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the 'squire's horse, which he tuk for his own mare. —all in a mistake, and he thought that she had sthrayed away, and not likin' to see *his* baste thresspassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but he dhrives home the horse in a mistake, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, except in that the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrop too much in; but, howsomever, the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaived it at all, until three days after, when the polisman kem to him and towld him he should go along with him. 'For what?' says Kishogue. 'Oh, you're mighty innocent,' says the polisman. 'Throue for you, sir,' says Kishogue, as quite (quiet) as a child. 'And where are you goin' to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir?' says he. 'To jail,' says the peeler. 'For what?' says Kishogue. 'For stealin' the 'squire's horse,' says the peeler. 'It's the first I heard of it,' says Kishogue. 'Throth, then, 'twon't be the last you'll hear of it,' says the other. 'Why, tare and ouns, sure it's no housebreakin, for a man to dhrive home his own mare,' says Kishogue. 'No,' says the peeler; 'but it is burglarious to sarcumvint another man's horse,' says he. 'But supposin' 'twas a mistake,' says Kishogue. 'By gor, it'll be the dear mistake to you!' says the polisman. 'That's a poor case,' says Kishogue. But there was no use in talkin—he might as well have been whistlin' jigs to a milestone as sthriven' to inveigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavender, like Paddy Ward's pig, until the sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein of a high sperrit, did not like the *idea* at all of being under a compliment to the king for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was used all his life to goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endeavoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, for he was mightily beloved in the counthry, and they were goin' to see him mornin,' noon, and night—throth, they led the turnkey a busy life, lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin' evermore, like Mulligan's blanket. Well, at last the 'sizes kem an, and down kem the sheruffs, and the judge, and the jury, and the witnesses, all book-sworn to tell nothin' but the born thruth: and with that, Kishogue was the first that was put on his thrial, for not knowin' the differ betune his own mare and another man's horse, for they wished to give an example to the counthry, and he was bad howld up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist he had of his own, by the same token), and up he held it—no ways danted, at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, then, a chap in a black coat and a frizzed wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, that you'd think he'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue—as we heerd after—but could not make out at the time—and no wondher: and in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottorny was readin' about him—burrin' he knew lies to him; and Kishogue himself, poor fellow, got frekened at last, when he heerd him goin' an at that about him, but after a bit he tuk heart and said:—'By this and by that, I never done the half o' that any how!' 'Silence in the coort!!!' says the crier—puttin' him down that a-way. Oh there's no justice for a poor boy at all! Oh murther,' says Kishogue, 'is a man's life to be sworn away afther this manner, and mustn't spake a word?' 'Howl your tongue!' say my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threw down the paper and axed Kishogue if he was guilty or not guilty. 'I never done it my lord,' says Kishogue. 'Answer as you are bid, sir,' says the spectacle man. 'I'm innocent, my lord!' says Kishogue. 'Bad cess to you, can't you say what you're bid,' says my lord the judge; 'Guilty or not guilty?' 'Not guilty,' says Kishogue. 'I don't believe you,' says the judge. 'Small blame to you,' says Kishogue; 'you're ped for hangin' people, and you must do something for your wages.' 'You're too much prate, sir,' says my lord. 'Fair then, I'm thinkin' its yourself and your friend the hangman will cure me o' that very soon,' says Kishogue. And thrue for him, faith, he wasn't far out in sayin' that same, for they murthered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight o' witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross-examibation; and indeed, sure enough, it was the crossest examination altogether I ever seen. Oh, they wor the bowld witnesses that would sware a hole in an iron pot any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh, they tuid to him like men, and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a lullaby for him; maynin', by that same, that he was asleep in another place, at the time;—but it would'nt do, they could not make it plazin' to the judge and the jury, and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put an his black cap, and indeed it is' not becomin', and discoorsed the height of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, that it was a mortyal pity Kishogue didn't get sooner; and the last words the judge said was, 'The Lord have marcy an your sowl!' 'Thank'ee, my lord,' says Kishogue; 'though indeed it is few has luck of grace afther your prayers.' And sure enough, faith; for the next Saturday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now when we're hanged genteely out o' the front o' the jail: but in them days they did not attind to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one a conthrairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gallows, that was full half a mile beyant it; but, to be sure, when they kem to the corner of the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public house was then, afore them dirty swaddlers (methodists) knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there—bad cess to them! sure they're spylin' divarshin wherever they go,—when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcession was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine for the divarshin of the prest'ner, for to raise his heart for what he was to go through; for, by all accounts, it is not plazin' to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle *Jim would me when he suffer'd for hilin' the* gauger. Well you see, they always stopped ten minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the prest'ner mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts o' death, and maybe an infication and a warnin' to thim that was inclined to sthray. But, however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but, as bad luck would have it, that day, the divil a fiddler was there when Kishogue dhruv up in the cart, no ways danted at all; but the mint the cart stopped *rowlin'* he called out as a *man*, 'Sind me out Tim Riley here,'—Tim Riley was the fiddler's name,—'sind me out Tim Riley here,' says he, 'that he may rise my heart wid The Rakes o' Mallow;' for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time comin' home from confission, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favorite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd bear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at wanst. Oh, take the dhrink, any how, arroon,' says the Widdy Houlaghan, who was mighty tinder-hearted, and had the dhrink herself, if he was ever so grate a sthranger; but if he was a friad of her own, she'd go every fut to the gallows wid him, and see him suffer: Oh, she was a darlint! Well,—' take the dhrink Kishogue my jewel,' says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine, fit for a lord,—but he wouldn't touch it;—' Take it out o' my sight,' says he, 'for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I expected to die game, like one of the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight!' says he, puttin' it away wid his hand, and sure 'twas the first time Kishogue was ever known to refuse the dhrop o' dhrink, and many remarked that it was the change before death was comin' over him. Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the prest'ner, and the sheriff asked him if he had any thing to say to him before he suffered: but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin', even to the crowd, by way of an edhication; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an illigant dyin' speech; and the preachers there, and the ballad-singers, all ready for to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogue to chate them out o' their honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite, for all that, for they considhered his heart was low on account of the disappointment; and he was lookin' mighty pale while they wor makin' matthers tidy for him; and, indeed, the last words he said himself was, 'Put me out o' pain at wanst, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!' And so, to make a long story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him: it was just one step wid him, all o' the ladther into glory: and to do him justice, though he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost. Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout outside o' the crowd, and a shilloo that you'd think would split the sky; and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it wasn't a white horse but a black horse, only white wid the foam. He was dhrav to that degree, and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat, and handed it up to the sheriff; and, my jew'l, the sheriff grew as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and says he, 'Cut him down—cut him down this minute!' says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head and sarcumvinted th m. And then the sheriff shouted out, 'Stop, you villains, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones,' says he to the sojers; 'is it going to murther the man you wor' —It isn't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin'. Cut him down,' says he: and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue: for he was as dead as small-beer, and as stiff as a crutch. 'Oh, tare an ouns!' says the sheriff, tarin' the hair off his head at the same time, with the fair rage. 'Isn't it a poor case that he's dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him? but, bad cess to him,' says he, 'it's his own fault, he wouldn't take it asy.' 'Oh, mulla murther, mulla murther!' cried out the Widdy Houlaghan, to the crowd. 'Oh Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mulled wine? Oh, if you stopped wid me to take your dhrop o' dhrink, you'd be alive and merry now!' So that is the maynin' of the Corse o' Kishogue, who was hanged for havin' his liquor behind him."

From Atkinson's Casket of June.

THE SEIZURE.

"Man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority."—*Shakspeare.*

"Still evening" had come on—the evening of a sultry day,—and the west blushed and brightened with the effulgence of the setting sun, which, embracing the gorgeous company of purple and saffron clouds, whose drapery hung like a glory around his descending car—poured a flood of crimson light on the windows of the little parlour wherein sat the heroine of my tale and her father—he with his eyes now bent in enamoured study on the slowly-sinking girdle that irradiated the opposite horizon with its living hues, now glancing over the sheet of Milton enamelled by his rapid touch with brilliant arabesques in water-colours, —and she dividing her attention between the tea-urn and a chersis of a girl, nestled at her knee, and received kisses, from words and *bonbons* in equal proportions.

It was a soft and sympathetic hour; for all nature lay composed into peace, and smiling with even more than poetical beauty. The spring-zephyr was abroad on the wave—a tranquil glory filled the shining realms of ethereal space; and a deep and shadowy silence slept on earth, air and sky, as they lay bathed in light and love and loneliness. A holy and meditative quiet stole from the scene into the soul; it swelled with a prophetic fulness of thought and repose which seemed to borrow from the wraps calm and balmy breathings of the vesper hour, a presage and a foretaste of that perfect and perennial state of being, typified by the vision of the New Jerusalem, whose walls and foundations are of the crystal and the chrysolite—and its luminary the immediate and pervading presence of Jehovah himself. In such an evening the spirit soaring from our ordinary to a celestial sphere, expands with the sublimity of its own destination, and feels itself already fraught with immortality. In such an evening did Adam and Eve first meet and love amid the solitude and serenity of Paradise: in such an evening did the commissioned angel descend to salute her, who was "highly favoured among women," as the virgin-mother of our Lord: in such an evening, hovering over "the lov'd Apostle John as in the seclusion of his sanctuary, Patmos, he mused and offered the lifting up of his hands as an evening sacrifice," did the raven deliver the mystic pen, which was to inscribe his tablets with the burning marvels of the Apocalypse. But, alas! for the world and wayward destiny of man! while the fair face of creation, with all its intense and subtle influences wooes him to a sense of his ulterior capacities and their development in a future and final bestitude, how wild m can be surrender himself up to the enjoyment of aspirations so innate and exalting. Curse, crime and casualities combine to destroy or distract contemplation—and drag down the ennobling mind to struggle with the pains and penalties of a grovelling—perchance guilty—existence.

It was even thus with the little group just introduced to my readers; even there the spell was upon the gifted and the beautiful—and to those who, sad and sickening under the pressure of constant difficulty could no longer look upon and worship nature with a painter's eye and poet's glow—the sunny light seemed to shed only gloom over the lovely landscape —and its once delightful dyes to darken like their own deceptive and desarious fortunes. The father and daughter, as they took their light meal, were in deep discourse—or rather she spoke long and impressively on one topic; while he appeared some times instructive—and then to hearken with a mixture of peevishness and incredulity. The lady's aspect was that of one who sees an approaching evil with doubt and dread—and yet prepares herself to encounter, if not overcome it,—and her low musical voice—that "excellent thing in woman—" added irresistible pathos to a manner as emphatic as engaging; her companion, unmoved by the despondency, evidently tinging her looks and accent, evinced only restlessness and reluctance to hear her out.

"Pshaw! Psyche," he exclaimed with an impatient gesture which came near emptying a goblet of water at his elbow upon his afternoon's fanciful labour; "thou hast grown the veriest sermon—the most ingenious and persevering tormentor that ever poor parent was vexed withal. Here hast thou, for these two hours past marred the outline of my finest conception—overcast the colouring of a Claude Lorrain vision—and put to flight a host of thick-coming and supernal fancies by dunning into my stunned ears a parcel of trumpery stuff about rent, arrears, and sheriff's offices. By the pencil of Apelles! thou hast well nigh committed the unpardonable sin; I wandered amid the enchantments of Elysium—and was about to out dream the garden of the Hours. But thanks to a woman's eternal tongue, the moment of inspiration's gone—vanished—and that without possessing even the consolation of having to compensate the injury by the acquisition of a single idea. Nay, no need of more chiding! I repress the god within me"—and ran dash at your bidding But Heaven grant that my fears may indeed prove confounded—and my opinion of our hard-hearted landlord a premature and unjust one."

"Hard-hearted," repeated the senior, washing out his brush and quaffing a glass of *chasse-cafe* in the same breath; "it well becomes you, my perverted meaning, to slander the colonel thus. Have you not softened without an effort, this obdurate tyrant—this second Stylock? Do you not hold him in bondage by the tenets of your capricious woman's will? and can avarice and rapacity be the springs of action in the man who counts one utterly portionless as yourself, to be his wife? Out upon such prejudices, Psyche; and dost fancy yourself at liberty to abuse the colonel, simply and solely because you are aware that he loves you."

"With my inability to return his love, 'tis that very certainty that makes me dread, if not dislike him," said the young lady. "I know the gentleman to be both vain and vindictive; and whatever the poet affirms about the rage of a woman scorned, is, I'm persuaded, just as applicable to one of the lordly sex in the same humiliating predicament. Unhappily our circumstances place us not too much in the power of my ancient sedan; and there is but the alternative of my yielding or full and immediate payment of his claim. The first is out of the question, the last, I fear well nigh as impossible."

"I agree with you, my dear child—fully agree with you as to your acceptance of any suitor being quite out of the question; otherwise this is the man after my own heart—and hardly objectionable to you. You admit him to be handsome, intellectual, a patrician by birth and bearing, of immense wealth, and the highest rank in society; possessed, in short, of such recommendations that the world will deem us both fully mad—you by reason of your refusal of him and I for sanctioning such a piece of folly. I would that the match could be, since the wealthy mayor has even a greater claim to my favour in his extraordinary fondness for the pictorial art, and deep reverence of its professors. But as the debt cannot be cancelled by your hand, I feel to the full as unjust as you can be, Psyche, for its speedy discharge. As matters stand between you and Waitland, a sense of our dignity—the obligations of honour and delicacy alike forbid that I should promise upon his indulgence."

"And really, papa," said Psyche, "he seems, of late, not over and above, inclined to afford it to us. His applications for us are as peremptory as frequent—and a humble me to the dun so intercede for his forbearance."

"Well, well, girl," returned her father resuming his pencil "set your pride, and your heart both at rest. I am determined to settle the business, and rid myself of your importunities. I send the master-piece of my gallery to the banner, in order to effect it. I no means apprehend any reverse on the part of your suitor than upon my servant, Absolem; but, as you urge, he begins to be more clamorous than ever in his dues, perhaps was hint to your equanimity. Be that as it may, I propose you to go vigorously to work, and pay him off by the end of the week."

"Only be persuaded to do your best my dear father, without reference to past, and most probably, false inferences—and all may yet go well with us," said Psyche, with energetic eagerness; "otherwise, I could almost find it in my heart to give the dear child a step-father"—and she snatched up and strained the little Imbade to her breast—"and myself a second husband for your sake."

Here the dialogue ended—a dialogue carried on notwithstanding its particular import without blushes, tremours, or any pretty by play of bashfulness on the part of the young and lovely widow, who boasting no affinity to that refined class of heroines, made up of sentiment, shrieks and nervous starts, was scandalously deficient in the modesty to shrink and swoon at the bare mention of an offer of marriage—as well as in those exquisite feelings which break out upon all occasions in the despairing grimaces and exaggerated action of a tragedy queen. After her last sentence, she quietly proceeded to wash up the tea-things—and to then put her rosy darling to bed—not, however, without deep and sad reflection all the while, which quenched itself on the first opportunity, in a flood of secret and silent tears.

Psyche Rivers was the daughter of an artist, whose consummate skill and correspondent fame, nevertheless, fell far short of his own inordinate estimate of both. In his native country, which was England, where he had but one, while himself acknowledging no superior, he had been encouraged and eulogized till his vanity puffed up by the pre-eminence of his compositions in the historical department, led him to believe himself the equal of Lawrence in portraiture—and with the greater show of reason, since not only dukes and graves, but Royalty itself had condescended to be painted by his hand. Still though enjoying almost a monopoly of the honours and emoluments of his high vocation, Rivers, by constitution, a discontented man, gave himself up in the midst of his splendid career, to be devoured by the foul fiends, envy and ennui. The just tributes of praise bestowed on the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his few competitors, would dwell on his mind till they rankled there like poisoned darts—and became aggravated by a sensibility at once keen and captious, into so many direct personal affronts. Yet he observed that, by a strange inconsistency of candour, he was himself full ready to lavish on the merits of his rivals those commendations, which were wormwood and gall to him, when coming from the lips of others. At length some slight, accidental or imaginary, offered at the exhibition to one of his choice pieces, drove him in a paroxysm of jealous and indignant feeling, to realise a rash project of self-expatriation. Once resolved, he gave himself no time to cool or change; the necessary arrangements were soon and silently made; and repairing, for the hundredth time at least, the insecure line from the tomb of the Roman general: "Ungrateful country! thou shalt never have my bones!" the illusions emigrant burned on ship-board, and commenced himself and his family to the chances of the sea. After a pleasant passage across the Atlantic, greatly beguiled to him by sundry prophetic visions of repentant Albion mourning, when the fatal news burst in thunder upon her, in sackcloth and ashes, the loss of her most gifted son,—this modern Correggio, as he loved to hear himself called, landed with the triumphant sensations of Columbus, on the shores of that new world, which his presence was about to civilize and adorn.

But the event somewhat belied his sanguine expectations. Not but that at first his success was brilliant, though specious—and his professional renown promptly and fully recognized and attested by the attentions of the most hospitable people in the world. All New York forthwith crowned his *studio* to see pictures or to sit for them—and the Riverses put the thoughts and tongues of every body in motion. The works of the lofty limner were voted by common consent to be marvellous and magnificent as those of Vandyke and Titian combined—and he himself in manner no less grand and gracious than the prince of some German melo-drame; his lady-wife, a plain woman, thin, timid, and taciturn as any ghost—became the most elegant and stylish of mortals—a little proud perhaps—but then pride, proper pride like her's was admirable and becoming in one, patrician and English-born; and as for the daughter, the young aerial daughter, all the complimentary epithets in the language were exhausted upon her. She was dazzling, delightful, divine; a paragon—a peri—a living and breathing Psyche—the actual incarnation of her Grecian name-sake, the ever and adorable creature of Mrs. Tighe's exquisite poem. In short, an arrival so augury, threw all the denizens of fashion's empire into a state of flutter and exitacy similar to that of a swarm of bees about their new hived queen; and the important party submitted nothing loth to be enthroned in the supremacy invariably assigned in our western hemisphere, to foreigners, whether of distinction or otherwise, from the day of the first European anchorage at San Salvador downwards.

This was an auspicious beginning; and for some time matters went on swimmingly: but to perpetrate the banality of quoting from a tongue well nigh obsolete, since our only High Dutch, Spanish, and Italian—but Greek, Hebrew and Sclavonic now occupy our fair and fashionable students, bent on outdoing Rarey, Sebastiani and Cooper—

"Le tableau mouvant de la vie."

The reigning favourites were soon taught that the proneness of Americans to dignify was just as ready to depose; in a word, that the popular hankering was after novelty—and that the next new comers, whether actresses pretty but passe in their own land, fraudulent bankrupts, French *figurantes*, exiled patriots, or fugitive valets more elegant than their masters, were to succeed as a matter of course to their state and *suite*. And Rivers himself, had begun to make the same painful discovery. Egregiously miscalculating their national character, he had come among his transatlantic brethren, prepared to meet not savages to be sure, but serfs enthralled by a blind worship of their Father land—and as usually and servilely dependent upon England for all the comforts of life as we air and light; the favour of their first orb-home had probably been the talisman—but it was ultimately destined to vanish before other and more correct, though less agreeable, impressions. The first of these was that his professional reputation had been immeasurably lowered by his injudicious exchange of countries—and that he had already lost his dignity, surrendered his status, and ruined himself by the false step taken in a moment of pique and passion. He had forsaken old and tried friends to throw himself on the sympathy and support of strangers; in requital of his condescension, he had calculated on an excess of gratitude and deference in the semi-barbarians so honoured and in place of acknowledging, they had (as he phrased it) sacrificed him. His skill as an artist, had been wondered at—not appreciated,—and in ceasing to be new, he had lost the power to attract, moreover the sturdy republicans carried their political principle of rotation into the practices of social life. Their admiration was as indeterminate as evanescent; and the amazed Englishman soon found his warmest panegyrists meeting out the same degree of astonishment and applause in guerdon of the wisest deeds that ever emanated from "the human face divine." He had arrogated to himself the apotheosis of a prodigy,—whereas he had only been introduced to the imperishable Lebrunes who chose to be "had hollow, well met"—with the associate of princes and nobles, presumed to reckon upon his pencil, whose passport to immortality had been denied to crowned heads and courtiers—as at the service of every greasy mechanic, who thought fit, first to haggle as and afterwards to pay down, his exorbitant price. And he the first of painters, deceased or living—who had studied and imbibed high-breeding in that aristocratic air constituting "the Corinthian capital of polished society"—was to be held and addressed as no better than the mate of the many and the vulgar—who, however admirable in themselves as specimens of the primitive Dorick were equally revolting to his fastidious taste and innate pride. London with all its fog, talent and tumult—its permanent and principal patronage of genius—its royal and learned societies—its select and scientific coteries—its steady adherence to those once exalted by excellence in any pursuit,—rose upon his memory an all its splendour and superiority till he loathed the life, which he led here—the flatterers, who fawned upon and the sociability that sought to entertain and reconcile him to the homely but hearty manners of a nation, a little negligent of the minor graces of the *savoir-vivre* through excess of eagerness to afford a practical illustration of man's capability of self-government.

"Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky cree,"

and even during the festive hour, when the enlightened and the elevated vied with the kind and hospitable, in lavishing civilities upon the guest, whose visit they were proud of as a compliment to our country,—he was often unable to escape the secret and corroding conviction of how completely his rash folly had betrayed his lofty fortunes.

It would, however, be wrong for my readers to infer that these reflections and communings, arising most of them from a wounded pride, and perverted forces of feeling—were the first fruits of Rivers's residence amongst us: on the contrary, more than one year had elapsed ere he became conscious that disgust and dislike towards the natives of his Utopia, were beginning to supersede the genial impulses of complaisance and proportioned vanity. And in one respect here was some ground for his jealous apprehensions of diminished consequence. The Americans are emphatically a money-loving and money-making people; serving not God but mammon, and deeming wealth the beginning, the middle, and the end of all earthly aims and enjoyments. Now it was apparent that the exchequer of the haughty foreigner, was not always replete, and that in his case, at least, ability was by no means synonymous with opulence! The chief source of importance in a society essentially mercantile and mercenary, thus wanting, public reference and adulation deserted a man,—though it left the late object of its fickle favour in possession of great eminence, constant employment, and many influential and disinterested friends. Luxurious, improvident, and too often idle, Rivers spent much faster than he made; and his ruin was retarded, in the first instance, by the economy and exertions of his indefatigable wife—and for a short time, by the marriage of his only child.

Psyche Rivers, no more than fifteen at her first appearance in the gaiety community of the Gothamites, had even then been hailed as the star of her sex. In truth, there could no where be found a being more brilliant and bewitching than she, with the wit and gaiety of the Parisian Ninon added the purity of Sulpicia, and the passion of a Sappho. Her face, though not faultless, was fascinating as the eyes of a gazelle pearl-like teeth, and a countenance as magically mutable as the beauty of Nourmahal, could make her. If she smiled, there came lightning over her features, the glow and archness and dimples of her,

"The goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne;"

was she and the brow and lips, so eloquent in their mute and enchantingly expressive, assimilated themselves to the beholder's idea of Mirthe in one of her softest and most touching phases; did she kindle with anger or indignation? her eye flashed—her cheek burned and her silvery voice swelled like those of a Minerva about to rush into battle.

"But in her delicate form—a dream of Love,"

dwelt the perfection of ideal beauty; and a round face, figure and mien, floated like a halo of light and loveliness, the rare and indefinable charm of "La Grace plus belle encore que la beauté." And this frame so fair and seeming fragile, was endowed by nature, spirit, and energy of purpose such as inspired a Derby or a Lavalette; while over all was thrown the gloss of a fancy, wild, aerial, and capricious as any that ever frolicked by moonlight. Her manner, too, was as captivating as variable,—retaining in every change its peculiar and piquant tone; and none could enjoy the company of a creature "so summed up of excellences" without assuming her formed to redeem the insipid realness of prosaic life by casting over them a charm breathing all the glow and freshness of poetry. Thus gifted

"Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree,
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles,
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn."

And it was not long ere this favoured mortal was forthcoming.

Psyche had just completed her eighteenth year, when Gustavus Cunningsby, the second son of an Earl, and a major in one of British regiments stationed at Quebec, happened to visit New York on a tour through the United States. As an Englishman is he, and the possible heir to a coronet, he was received by the exclusives with the acclamations and incense due to a descended God. Among the lions of the place as enumerated to him, were the gallery and person of his celebrated countryman; the existence of the daughter, who had long graced and played *bonnes* for the benefit of a certain select set, and now requestered herself from general society by reason of her mother's death, —was barely hinted at by the really beautiful, though rather under-bred women, who contended in petitioning for the honour of enacting the action of nobility to Rivers's House, according as they fixed upon as early morning to be whisked away at that still modish lounging-place, where Cunningsby's attention became instantly riveted on an admirable painting of Cupid and Psyche—decidedly the master-piece of the collection. It represented their re-union in the Temple of Love; the applicant princess had just placed upon the altar, the urn,

"Filled from immortal Beauty's sacred spring,"

and was turning at the whispered call of her divine spouse as to bring the helmet from his "celestial brow" he clasped her in his arms. The young officer gazed with intense and rapturous emotion on the vivid personation of the Bride of Cupid, and heard from those around him with a thrill of fresh delight, that it was not a fancy-piece, but a portrait. How to get a glimpse of the exquisite original was the next aim,—and happily achieved without the necessity of a stratagem, or the trouble of haunting the gallery day after day. His father, Lord Mulworth, had been on terms of great intimacy with the famous but eccentric painter, who though habitually receding with an aversion truly Byronic from any connect with the common herd of travelling English, extended the warmest greeting of surprise and cordiality to the son of his old friend. An invitation for the following day, frankly given, and accepted with eagerness, furnished the prepossessed Gustavus with the opportunity to be covered, of judging whether

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, June 20.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, one square from Market Street.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

☞ Every country subscribers and agents are earnestly solicited. We shall be obliged to receive the remittances at Alexandria, D. C., Elkton's Mills, Nashville, Huntsville and Mobile, and cut off all our subscriptions at those places, unless some one shall have attention and practice enough to send us the money.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We shall endeavour to find a place for one of Mark Bancroft's communications next week.

H. C. G. will meet attention.

"The Victim," is creditable, and promises well for the writer. We have reserved it for publication, at as early a day as possible.

"The Young Soldier's Funeral," "African Character, No. 2" and "The Slippers," are on file, for insertion.

"J. R. R." "Epsilon," "J. B." and lines, "I ask'd of the tomb," we respectfully decline.

The extract from "Henry Edmonds," published in our last paper, should have been signed *Senex*. We owe an apology to our valued correspondent for the omission.

Dr. Francis Lieber, author of "The Stranger in America," has been appointed Professor of Political Economy and History, in the South Carolina College.

Major Fritz has declined accepting his commission as Brigadier General, in consequence of some discrepancy in the election returns. A new election has been ordered, which will take place on Monday, 29th instant. It is presumed that Major Fritz will receive a greatly increased vote.

The grocers and other shop-keepers of the Northern Liberties, Penn Township and Kensington, have it in contemplation to close their stores at 8 o'clock in the evening, except on Saturday evenings, for the purpose of affording their young men a little time for reading and recreation.

We see it stated in the daily papers that Brigadier Inspector Sharp has been arrested by Gen. Prevost, on a charge of "high crimes and misdemeanours." A board of officers is about to be constituted for his trial.

LITERARY NOTICES.

YOUNG MAN'S BOOK.—Messrs. Kay, Jr. & Brother, have just published in a neat little volume, Bishop Fortune's summary of the principal evidences for the truth and divine origin of the Christian Religion. It constitutes a delightful volume for the seriously inclined reader.

The Knickerbocker, for June, just published, contains a continuation of the excellent article on American Literature—a thrilling sketch entitled "A Night in '98"—"The Leisure Hunter," a pleasant and entertaining composition—a letter from Laurie Todd—Excerpts by Mathew Carey—Olapodiana, No. 3—and a great variety of other articles, in prose and poetry, of equal merit. The interest of this periodical is well sustained.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—The May number of this periodical, reached us a few days since, filled, as usual, with well-written articles on judiciously chosen subjects. The sketch of Tripoli embraces many details not familiar to the American reader, and will be perused with interest. The essay on the fine arts, observations on geology, and the dissertation on the position and influence of women in society, are likewise articles of decided merit, and afford a fine contrast to those of a more light and humourous character. We are much pleased with the communications in relation to the Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and believe they will have a good effect in calling public attention to the value of those delightful places of summer resort.

NORTH AMERICAN READER.—We have received from JAMES KAY, Jr. & Brother, a copy of a new compilation, containing a great variety of selections from the writings of eminent and esteemed American and English writers, together with rules for the division of words, principles of pronunciation, &c., and is, we think, well calculated to aid the cause of education.

SCIENTIFIC CLASS BOOK.—Key & Biddle.—This is a work designed to afford a familiar introduction to the principles of Physical Science, for the use of schools and academies. It comprises mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, optics, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, &c. &c. on the basis of Mr. J. M. Moffatt, with emendations, notes, additional illustrations, &c. by Professor Walter R. Johnson, of this city.

A cursory examination of the Class-book leads us to the opinion that it is a work well calculated to be eminently useful in conveying a knowledge of physical science. The exposition of the various principles of the subjects treated of, is familiar and satisfactory, and the numerous engravings and illustrations are calculated to make a forcible impression on the mind. The work embraces a great mass of interesting and valuable information, curious experiments, &c. condensed in a brief space, and authenticated by sound authority. Perhaps there is no individual in our community more competent to the successful execution of a work of this kind, than Professor Johnson. His familiarity with the art of conveying instruction—his success as a public lecturer—and his extensive acquaintance with the arts and sciences, qualify him, in a peculiar manner, for the authorship of a valuable text book or manual of science.

PAULDING'S WORKS.—The publication of a uniform edition of the works of J. K. Paulding, Esq. has been commenced by the Harpers, and the first series, in two volumes, comprising Salmagundi, has just been issued. These works will prove a rich treat to the friends of American literature, who justly regard Paulding as one of the first writers of America.

Salmagundi was originally published about twenty years ago, at which time it created a marked sensation in the literary world. It is the joint production of Paulding and Irving, and in the present edition has been carefully revised. In spirit and humour, animated and exhilirating sketches, it is not exceeded by any work from the American press, and independently of these considerations, it is a work of which we feel proud, as the early production of two native authors who have obtained high distinction, both at home and abroad.

The Harpers have acted very judiciously in commencing this publication. It cannot fail of securing an unusual degree of popularity.

Bulwer's new work, "The Student," will be published by the Harpers, in the course of a few days.—The London Literary Gazette of a late date says: "Great as is both the power and beauty of Mr. Bulwer's former works, we know none that marks the creative thinker more than the present production.—The pages of 'The Student' are full of new lights, happy illustrations, a sort of diary of the mind, whose hours pass in the vivid impression and the profitable deduction. Graceful, generous, touching, and thoughtful, we commend 'The Student' to every library."

The same publishers have in press, a superb edition of Mrs. Hannah More's works, in duodecimo form. It will embrace the whole of her writings, and will be ornamented with plates. The cost will be about two dollars and a half per copy.

HORSE SHOE ROBINSON.—Mr. Kennedy's new novel, entitled "Horse Shoe Robinson; a tale of the Tory Ascendency," is this day published, by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We published a chapter from the work two weeks since, and we apprehend that the interest excited by the perusal of that, will induce very many of our readers to go through the whole novel. We feel no hesitation in commending it as a favorable specimen of American talents and American literature. The style is good, the language beautiful, and the incidents deeply interesting and well wrought up. The characters in the novel are well delineated and ably sustained, and the author's description of scenery is equal to the best efforts of any of our young writers. Throughout the whole work there is a shrewdness of observation, and a humourous train of thought, connected with old Horse Shoe, which are highly agreeable and powerfully absorbing in their effects on the mind of the reader.

The scene of the novel is laid in Virginia and the Carolinas, during the revolutionary war, the temper and character of which are forcibly illustrated by the tale. The romantic features of that great contest, have been scarcely touched by any American novelist, and Mr. Kennedy has therefore walked over an untrodden field. The beautiful fancies he has plucked by the way, and the picturesque scenes which he witnessed and has so eloquently described, will occasion no regret that the journey was not undertaken by another traveller.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Messrs. Russell, Odiorne & Co. of Boston, have lately published three valuable school books, by Frederick Emerson, Esq. under the following titles:

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC—PART 1.—This contains elementary lessons, in a plain and simple form, designed for the capacity of young beginners.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC—PART 2.—Uniting oral and written exercises in corresponding chapters, and furnishing the essential principles and the common application of the science of arithmetic, for ordinary business purposes.

THE NORTH AMERICAN ARITHMETIC—PART 3.—The work is designed for advanced scholars, and comprises a brief view of the elementary principles of arithmetic, and a full development of its higher operations, to aid those who design to prosecute a full course of mathematical studies or engage in commercial operations.

These works are highly approved by many eminent teachers, and they have already been introduced, very generally, in the schools of Massachusetts. We do not doubt but that they are well adapted to the purposes of education.

SHERIFF'S TOUR THROUGH N. AMERICA.

The last number of the American Quarterly Review contains an article on "Shireff's Tour through North America," a work which has not yet been republished in this country, though from the extracts we have seen, we judge it to be far more deserving of that distinction than the great majority of recent republications. The author calls himself a plain farmer, and he appears to write in an unpretending style. We quote a few paragraphs merely to show that his opinions of our domestic manners are totally at variance with those of some other English writers.

"Although I did not often witness the domestic manners of the Americans, my opportunities of meeting the inhabitants of the United States in public were frequent, and the impressions imbibed during my intercourse with them were different from what the accounts of others led me to expect. Many travellers who have written on the subject were perhaps ill qualified to form a just estimate of American manners and characters, from the sphere of society in which they themselves had previously moved. No action nor associate of British aristocracy, who has not been brought into familiar intercourse with the middling and lower orders of his own countrymen, is likely to do justice to the Americans, and the tenor of many of the remarks which have been given to the world on the subject is evidence of the writers never having before associated with the class of people in whom they allude. The inhabitants of Britain, in private and public life, being divided into grades, some individuals are altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs of the classes below them. And as Englishmen of high pretensions and refinement, on reaching America, mingle on terms of equality at public tables and in conveyances with the commonest upstarts, they feel disgusted with the manners of the people around them, without considering they belong to a different class from their own associates at home. In Britain, a person of rank is generally regarded with respect by the classes below him. In the United States, rank seldom meets with or expects deference from the people, and the humblest citizen familiarly enters into conversation with every individual who addresses him. This self-possession of the Americans is often mistaken for forwardness, and their unrestrained conversation for insolence. In Britain, the different classes of population generally remain distinct, and many of their excesses are hid from common gaze. In most parts of the United States, the bar-rooms of hotels form the only scenes of tippling, and, being at all times open to the public, a traveller is apt to consider the people more dissipated than they really are. Were a gentlemanly forbearer to meet the lowest class of the people of England at table, and associate with them in their haunts of vice, his adventures would form a high-colored picture of British manners and society. * * *

"On first reaching the United States, the plainness of the people's manners appeared remarkable. In all classes there was a total absence of grimace and of address, an expression of old gallon or mankind, not seldom being blunt. In contemptuous the inhabitants appear as far behind the British as the French exceed them. But, on the other hand, velgarity, rudeness, or insolence, is almost never met with. Even in the humblest walks of life. Mechanics and other, a rude or indelicate remark never being made, nor a disgusting practice indulged in. One one occasion only I met with revolting behaviour, at the table of the Washington hotel, during my first residence at New York. On my second visit, I found the individual still an inmate of the house, in which he had lodged for fourteen years. He was an eccentric character, and originally from England.

"A general propriety of deportment and softness of manner pervades the lower classes, and that coarseness, which is sometimes met with in Britain, does not appear to exist in the U. States; but certain circles of society in Britain seem to have a higher polish than what is to be met with in America, and perhaps the general standard of manners of both countries is not widely different. The lower orders of the United States are, however beyond all question, greatly superior in refinement and intelligence to the lower orders of Britain.

"The quality of all classes in the United States is so universal, that during my intercourse with the inhabitants, I scarcely experienced an indication of insolence, and never observed that democratic sauciness which I was taught to expect amongst the lower orders. Every individual feels that he is independent, and never alludes to the subject. The case is however, different in Canada, where some British emigrants seldom let an opportunity escape of telling a well dressed person, that 'this is a free country, and that he does not care a * * * * * for any man.' The emancipated bondsman also boasts of being free from letters. A foreigner, however, who arrogates to himself superiority in the States, will be despised by the meanest of the people, and his money will neither purchase their attention nor services. The United States which I visited, seem to me an excellent place for teaching an overweening person a due estimate of himself and his fellow-mortals. Twelve months' intercourse with the people would greatly improve the fagged and fogging youthful aristocracy of Britain. Their laughtiness of demeanour, and acerbity and impatience of temper would be changed, and they would return home with a just sense of the place they occupy in the world, and qualified to discharge the important duties they owe society. Every Briton who has mingled with the people for any length of time, and practice self examination, will testify to the truth of my remarks."

PARDON, NOT PENITENCE—A PRECIOUS ROGUE.

A gentleman of this city on a recent visit to Columbus, Ohio, among the other public buildings, called to examine the jail. As he was walking about the buildings, he heard his name called in a loud voice from one of the grated windows, and the exclamation—"The devil—is that you?"

"It is I—and not the devil," replied the gentleman, as he advanced to the window to see who had thus accosted him. The prisoner was a picture of manly beauty. His broad expanded forehead—and his black lustrous eyes beamed with intelligence and talent.

"Visiters are not allowed to speak to me," said the prisoner, "but I retain you as my counsel; and that will give you access to me."

The stranger replied that he had no time to converse—that he would return in the afternoon, and meantime procure admission from the proper authorities at the appointed time. The gruler accompanied him to the cell, telling him that its occupant was Mr. Ludlow, the young man who had been detected in a number of recent forgeries to a considerable amount, and then stood committed for trial.

"Where could I have seen Mr. Ludlow," thought the stranger; but though his face was familiar, he could not recall where he had before seen it. When the gaoler left the cell, the stranger turned to Mr. Ludlow and begged to be enlightened as to their previous acquaintance.

"Do you know me perfectly well," said Mr. Ludlow. "To be sure I do," said the stranger, "and that's what puzzles me. Your face is as familiar as that of my own son—and yet I could'nt call you by name to save you from the gallows."

"Oh you know me, you know me," said Mr. Ludlow—"by the way has Doane left Trinity church yet?"

His curiosity on this point was settled, and the conversation turned on the circumstances of his recent arrest. "Between ourselves," said Mr. Ludlow, "I have sent the President of the Bank, Delahield, on a Tom Fool's errand, to dig for money that never was buried. He did not use me well—and I deceived him. Never mind—let them go and dig in and down the river; and as to the money they'll find there, much good may it do them!"

Mr. Ludlow then asked many questions in regard to Boston; but to all questions as to his own identity, the only answer was—"O you know me perfectly well, why do you ask?" The prisoner's face was perfectly familiar to the stranger—his voice—his manner—his address—but he could not by any effort recall his previous acquaintance with Mr. Ludlow.

It was not till some days afterward, on a recurring to the places where he had before seen the same face, that the truth suddenly flashed upon him. Mr. Ludlow was one and the same person with the Rev. Mr. Weems—who was convicted of sundry offences against the Commonwealth here a few years ago—behaved exemplarly (while in confinement,) was after ward pardoned and released by the Governor. The case we remember excited great interest at the time; and the circumstances of it will recur to our readers. He has since changed the theatre and plan of his operations; and has been committing forgeries to a great extent in the western country. His fine person and winning address have enabled him to pursue his purposes successfully; and he was on the point of marriage to a most respectable lady when he fell into the hands of justice.—*Boston Atlas.*

EXECUTION OF THE SPANISH PIRATES.

The execution of five of the Spanish Pirates, who have been for some months under sentence of death in Boston, for piracy on the high seas, took place on the 11th inst. in the rear of the county jail, and under the direction of the United States Marshal. Of the two others, says the Boston Patriot, De Soto has received a reprieve for the period of sixty days, and an execution prevails that he will be fully pardoned. Ruiz is reprieved for thirty days, in consequence of his being in a state of mental derangement. The Boston Post gives the following particulars of the closing scene:

"When the procession arrived at the foot of the ladder, leading up to the platform of the gallows, the Rev. Mr. Varela, looking directly at Gilbert, said—"Spaniards, ascend to heaven." Gilbert mounted with a quick step, and was followed by his comrades at a more moderate pace, but without the least perceptible indication of hesitancy. Boyga, unconscious of his situation and destiny, was carried up in a chair, and seated beneath the rope prepared for him. Gilbert, Montenegro, Garcia, and Castillo, all smiled ridiculously as they took their appointed stations on the platform. Judging only from Gilbert's air, carriage, and unembarrassed eye, as he glanced at the surrounding multitude, and surveyed the mechanism of his shameful death, he might have well been mistaken for an officer in attendance, instead of one of the doomed. With the exception of repeating his prayers after the clergyman, he spoke but little. Soon after he ascertained his position on the stage, he left it, and, passing over to the spot where the apparently lifeless Boyga was seated on the chair, he bent over his shoulder and kissed him very affectionately. He then resumed his station, but occasionally turned round to Mr. Peyton the interpreter, and the clergyman. Addressing his followers, he said—"Boys, we are going to die; but let us be firm, for we are innocent." To Mr. Peyton, removing his linen collar, and handing it to him, he said—"This is all I have to part with—take it as a keepsake. I die innocent, but I'll die like a noble Spaniard. Good bye, brother, we die in the hope of meeting you in heaven." Montenegro and Garcia, though exhibiting no terror, vociferated their innocence, exclaiming—"Americans, we are not culpable—we are innocent; but we forgive all who have injured us." Castillo addressed himself to an individual, whom he recognized in the front rank of the officers below the stage, and said—"Adieu my friend—I shall see you in heaven—I do not care so much about dying, as to have the Americans think I am guilty." [culpable.] All of them expressed great satisfaction at the intelligence of De Soto's reprieve.

The Marshal having read the warrant for their execution, and stated that De Soto was respited for sixty days, and Ruiz for thirty, the ropes were adjusted round the necks of the prisoners, and a slight bonnet then spread over the countenance of each; but not an eye quailed, not a limb trembled, not a muscle quivered. As the cap was about to be drawn over Gilbert's face, the Spanish Priest fervently embraced him, and during the operation of covering the face of the others, the Rev. Mr. Curtin advanced to the railing of the stage, and read a brief declaration on behalf of the prisoners, addressed to the citizens of America assembled, acting forth that as at the trial they had declared their innocence, so they did now continue to do so. Boyga's cap and rope were adjusted, as he sat, supported by an officer, in the chair, which was so placed as to fall with the drop. At a quarter before eleven, after every preparation was completed, and while they were repeating to themselves, in scarcely audible tones, their prayers, Deputy Marshal Bass suddenly cut the small cord, which restrained the spring, and the platform, fell without even the cracking of a hinge. In falling, Boyga's chair struck against the body of the Captain and Gargia. Boyga struggled slightly once after his descent, and Montenegro and Castillo but little; Captain Gilbert not the quite so easily, the rope being placed behind his neck. Garcia struggled most and longest—about three minutes. After being suspended 30 minutes, the physicians in attendance pronounced them dead, and they were cut down, and placed in black coffins, in readiness in the yard.

After the execution was over, Ruiz, confined in his cell, attracted considerable attention by his maniac shouts and singing. At one time holding up a piece of blanket stained with Boyga's blood, he gave utterance to his ravings, in a sort of recitative, the burden of which was—"This is the red flag my companions died under."

The crowd assembled on this occasion, is estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 and occupied every point that afforded the least opportunity for witnessing the execution. The roofs of a couple of sheds, contiguous to the jail yard, gave way beneath the pressure of the numbers who had seated themselves on them, and there were two or three avalanches of men and boys, some of whom were considerably injured. The consternation created by their fall was the only appearance of disorder manifested by the multitude during the whole scene. One of the proprietors has preferred a verbal claim against the U. S. Marshal, for damages done by the crowd to his shanty!!!

Some hundreds or two, forgetful of the approach of the rising tide, posted themselves, quite early, on the foundation of a branch of the Lowell Railroad, and unable to retreat, as the crowd on shore increased in density, they were compelled to remain their passent neglected to them.

The Spanish Consul having requested that the bodies might not be given to the Faculty, they were interred last night, under the personal direction of Marshal Bibby, in the Catholic burial ground at Chelsea town.

There being no murder committed with the piracy, the laws of the United States do not authorise the Court to order the bodies to be given to the surgeons for dissection.

☞ We have heard, from a *first* authority, which may be implicitly relied on, and who had it direct from Perez, that when Garcia was ordered on board of the Mexican, he asked De Soto "if the crew were to be despatched." De Soto replied—"No; do not touch a hair of their heads, for human life is sweet." To this Garcia simply replied—"Dead cats don't mew."

Perez also told that Montenegro refused to go on board the Mexican till Capt. Gilbert threatened to shoot him.

MYSTERIOUS BELL RINGING.

The following, from the Cincinnati Whig of May 28, recals the trifling who lately alarmed all New Jersey town her property, by her thumping. Such things have frequently happened before touching the self-intoning power of bells, and have as constantly ended in the denouement of some contemptible hoax.

The mysterious circumstances set forth in the following communications, we are assured, by respectable authority, are founded on actual facts. The circumstances, as detailed, can be substantiated, it is alleged, by numerous gentlemen of the highest respectability. We recollect, several years ago, that a similar mystery occurred in Washington city, and which, at the time, produced a great sensation in the public mind:

VERY MYSTERIOUS.—New England may boast of her witches, and the North of her fairies, but Cincinnati can now boast of perhaps as singular a phenomenon as is to be found in the Union.

A gentleman on Fourth street, having had some bells hung—among others the street bell—was exceedingly annoyed by having his servants and others called to the door some twenty times a day, or oftener, but, on opening the door, lo and behold! there was not a single soul to be seen. The gentleman and his family watched, but still the bell rung by *no visible means*. Under these circumstances, the bell-hanger was sent for and requested to furnish a correct bell, or remove the old one. The bell-hanger, after examination, declared it was improperly hung, and that he would right it at once. But after various experiments, what was his surprise to find that no silence was obtained. The bell continued to ring louder than ever. Perplexed and puzzled, he at length quit the premises, and called on a friend to advise with, who also took his friend, and went to examine the premises. They at first supposed that RATS might have some agency in the business, but on boring some fifteen or twenty holes in the joice, it was decided, *nem. con.* that they were not the aggressors, and on cutting the wire within a few inches of the bell, at intervals, the ringing was as violent as usual. They then united the wire, and while holding on to two different places, the bell rung worse than ever. Under these complicated difficulties, what was to be done? The gentlemen recommended that a request be forwarded to a number of scientific persons in the city, and if possible to ascertain the cause of this singular phenomenon whereupon, several gentlemen were called on to examine the premises, and if possible *allay* the evil spirit, if any existed. One gave it as his decided opinion, that the noise was occasioned by electricity or galvanism, operating on the clapper of the bell; another by meteoric phenomena; while another stoutly maintained that it was the devil or his agent—which, he could not tell—but sure he was that one of them had a hand in the matter. It soon got noised over town that the house was haunted, and the proprietor of the house was at length compelled to take the bell down.

Impromptu Ascension.—As ballooning is now the prevailing mania, we have pondered the following from a long account published in an English Magazine of February, 1785. "An Aeronaut attempted an ascension at Birmingham, his balloon being inflated with inflammable air. The car, in ascending, caught under the eaves of a house, one of the chords broke, and the aeronaut was taken in at the chamber window. The balloon was with some difficulty hauled down to be repaired, and a boy got into the car as a sort of ballast to keep it still. The balloon played them a slippery trick, and ascended,—boy and all. The little fellow appeared to relish the trip as much as if it had been on purpose and went up gallantly waving his hat to the crowd, who cheered him enthusiastically. The balloon being so damaged that the gas rapidly escaped, he descended at a short distance without receiving any injury.—*Galaxy.*

More of the land Pirates.—Gen. Darcy, U. S. Marshal for this District, returned yesterday from a visit to Barnegat, during which he arrested, with the aid of Capt. Schneck, of Middletown, and Mr. J. T. Thompson, of Newark, the following persons, indicted at the late term of the U. S. Circuit Court for being concerned in the robbery of stranded vessels, viz:—George Worth, Joell Platt, Alm. Russell, Moses Bunnell, Solomon Rodgers, and James Matthews. They were taken during the night, in their dwellings.—*Newark Dai. Adv.*

Fires in London.—The loss by fire in the city of London with its 1,250,000 inhabitants is a great deal less per annum than in the city of New York with a population of 250,000. This is owing in a great measure, to the different style of building, and the greater facilities in London for obtaining water. In 1834 the number of fires in that Metropolis was 480; the number of buildings destroyed, 23; badly damaged 116; slightly damaged, 336. Seven persons lost their lives.

Epitome of the Times.

The supreme court, on the 8th inst. appointed Thomas B. Oxford, jun., John Pacon, William H. Hood, Matthew L. Bevan, and General Robert Patterson, Inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary, to serve for two years, and until their successors shall be appointed.

A correspondent who resides in Kensington, calls the attention of the HUMANE SOCIETY to the situation of their apparatus for the recovery of drowned persons. He says that on the 9th instant, having occasion to use the apparatus, he went from Kensington to Market street without being able to find any thing belonging to the Society.

New way to correct an Evil.—A gentleman shop keeper called at the office of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, and requested that his paper be discontinued for two weeks, and expressed a hope that by the expiration of that time, the majority of the numerous borrowers, who have been in the habit of paying him a morning visit for the last year or two, would see the propriety of discontinuing their calls.

Ely Palmer, a person that had been an inmate of the Friends' Asylum near Frankford, committed suicide on Friday last, by hanging himself in the barn of said institution. The corpse was not discovered until Monday morning, when the body was cut down and a coroner's inquest held. The verdict of the jury, death by suicide in a state of mental derangement.

Aliens next year it is said, the canals and rail roads of *Pennsylvania*, will pay for themselves, and all the taxes raised for them, may be removed.

SLAVE CASE.—A case of the deepest interest is now in progress of investigation before Judge Randall of this city. A mulatto girl, of a complexion so light, however, as to pass for white, was arrested on Saturday last, at the instance of a gentleman from Baltimore, who claims her as his slave. She is said to be about 17 years of age, and has resided in this city for the greater part of her life,—indeed, she cannot remember when she was brought to the city. She is a modest and interesting girl, and her case being one of a very peculiar character, we shall endeavour to obtain all the important particulars of a trial. D. P. Brown, Esq., has been engaged as her counsel so that she is sure of being ably defended.

Old Friends.—During the last visit of the U. S. ship United States, at Vanda, Capt. DACRES, the former commander of the Guerriere, came into that port in command of the English line-of-battle-ship Edinburgh—he immediately, upon his introduction to Holland, inquired after his old *friend, Commodore* HULL.

Anti-Corset Society.—The young ladies of Peterborough, N. H., and Atkinson, Maine, have formed, in each town, an anti-corset society. In Peterborough only three fair ones held out and refused to sign—being, we suppose, determined to retain their artificial corsets until they obtain the natural ones of a husband's arms.

A Rhode Island constable, says the Pawtucket Chronicle, having failed to arrest the person he was in pursuit of, returned the writ with the endorsement, "Non est enme-is-thus-ar railum swampo," which upon being questioned as to its meaning by the Judge, he said was that the fellow got out of his reach by crossing a swamp on a rail.

The editor of the Louisville Journal, (Ken.) handles his contemporary without gloves. He says—"The Advertiser talks about pinning a falsehood upon our lips. This reminds us to say, that we saw the other day, as many as fifty falsehoods pinned upon a poor fellow at once. Some of his waggish comrades had fastened the Advertiser to his coat tail."

A number of literary gentlemen, admirers of genius, are about to erect a monument to the memory of Rockwell, the poet at Mount Auburn.

The first steamboat between Havana and Matanzas, and by which, from its being a monopoly, $150,000 was cleared, was called the Velox or Velocity—though it went at the rate of only three miles an hour.

Liberal Bequest.—Mr. Pontallin, lately deceased, at New Orleans, has bequeathed the whole of his property in that city, valued at 100,000 francs to the corporation of Mont L'Eveque, on condition that the corporation shall erect a college for the education of sixty young persons, from Mont L'Eveque, Senlis, and New Orleans—twenty from each.

Complimentary.—Mr. Bennett, of the New York Herald, names one of the Board of Visiters to West Point, and adds, "a greater blockhead could not be found in the twenty-four states and three territories."

Chowder parties are quite the ton at the flourishing sea port of New Bedford, Massachusetts—the favorite resort is Palmer's Island, under the shade of its fragrant junipers—on its shell-enamelled and pebble paved beach.

The iron chest of the Albany Theatre was broken open by a fellow named Clute, captain of the supernumeries, and robbed of $300. The culprit was arrested. The only curiosity is how came so large a sum of money in the Treasury of the Albany Theatre? Managers must be getting rich.

Florida.—The Floridian, published at Tallahassee, speaks in glowing terms of the prosperity of the Territory, and the growth of its commerce. Two more than eighteen thousand bales, valued at more than a million of dollars, has been exported from St. Marks alone.

The Connecticut School Fund amounts at present to $2,019,930 89; of which, $1,521,617 15 is in bonds and notes secured by mortgage, 200,000 dollars in Bank Stock, and the rest principally in real estate.

Sandy and Beaver Canal.—We learn from the last number of the Beaver Argus, that active operations are about to be commenced on this important public improvement, intended to connect the canal systems of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Twenty miles of the line, divided into 30 or 40 sections, are to be put under contract, proposals for which will be received until the 23d inst. It is added that the directors are determined to use all practicable despatch in the prosecution of the work, and that their expectation is, to complete the whole line in the course of a couple of years—or during the year 1837.

The specie exported from Boston and New York, during the month of May, was over $1,250,000.

Effect of Competition.—The fare in the line of steam boats which run between New York and Providence, which has heretofore been $7 and $8, is reduced to $1 50, meals included. In the new boat, Lexington, the fare is $1, meals extra.

Effects of Tobacco.—In the report of the N. Y. Anti-tobacco Society, it is stated that the Hottentots make use of tobacco for the purpose of destroying snakes. They administer it with the short end of a pipe to the mouth of the reptile, and the effect is as instantaneous as an electric shock; with a quick convulsive motion the snake stretches itself out and never stirs again. The muscles become contracted, and the whole animal feels as hard and as rigid as if dried in the sun. The late Dr. Cooper of Boston, brought on a disease in the head by the use of tobacco, which terminated his existence.

We learn from a Frankfort, (Ky.) paper that the two centre arches of the bridge over the Kentucky river, at that town, fell with a prodigious crash, about mid day of the 29th ult. The damage sustained by the intermediate pier, during the late high water, is said to have been the cause of the fall of this structure, which was so important to the convenience of the people at Frankfort.

A gentleman left New York at five o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday last, in the steamboat Boston, and arrived at Newport a few minutes after six o'clock the next morning.—On his return, he left Newport at five o'clock, A. M. and reached New York at a quarter past seven o'clock the same evening—having travelled 360 miles, in little more than 26 hours!

Look out for him.—It appears from an article which we find in the Bury, Eng. Post, May 3, that a magistrate of Hindringham, Norfolk, chairman of the Walsingham sessions, has eloped, having committed forgeries on different persons to the amount of £20,000. He has left twelve young children behind him to share his infamy, and has himself escaped to this country.

A Sentimental Grocer.—A gentleman stept into a grocery store in Brooklyn, for a drink of water. Observing some gravel or pebbles in the bottom of the pitcher, he asked what they were put there for. To collect the *sentiments* of the water, was the reply.

The Editor of the Northampton Courier, Speaking in his last of right-hearing, says: It has been aptly remarked that a husband's arms are the only corsets nature destined for the female waist. We like the suggestion much, and, ever since, as we have a pair unoccupied, have been half a mind to offer them for the use of some young lady.—[N. H. Eagle.]

Billy Dixon says he has been cowskinning a man in Lowell, who made game of him. Wonder if the man knows it.

Boston is estimated to contain at this time 70,000 inhabitants—more than double the population in 1810.

Liability of Postmasters.—The Philadelphia Times has the following paragraph:

"The proprietor of this paper last week recovered judgment against a postmaster for neglecting to inform him of a paper not taken from his office. All Postmasters will do so, render themselves liable, and ought to be held accountable."

George Rapele, who died in New York, last week, left property to the amount of *a million and a half of dollars*. Mr. R. was an amateur traveller, during his long life—nearly half of which was passed in Asia.

The new steamboat Lexington, which performed her first passage from New York to Providence in twelve hours and thirty-eight minutes, returned to New York *in eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes.*

The number of emigrants pouring into Michigan is beyond all parallel. The public houses in Detroit are overrun. Three thousand have been landed there, says the Detroit Free Press, since the opening of the navigation.

"*Fanny Kemble in America,*" is the title of a pamphlet published this week by Messrs. Light & Horton, in which the authoress, actress, and deceased ant of a stage barber, is most essentially used up—the authoress of the pamphlet, (it purports to be written by an English lady,) volunteers, at the conclusion of her pages, the following epitaph for Fanny:

Here lies one who *never lied!*
Save "*prostrate* on the floor;"
So *lying* lived—she *lying* died;
And lies—to rise no more—

Caution.—A boy between eleven and twelve years of age, the son of Andrew Ream, of Somerset, Perry county, went out to the fields one day last week, in company with other children, and having found some *wild parsnip*, he ate part of it, and in less than an hour after he was a corpse!—*Ohio Journal.*

Murry Hill.—But a few lots of the estate were sold last week. Those that were sold brought at the rate of about $14,000 an acre. Four are situated on and near the 4th avenue and 31st, 32nd and 33rd sts. The distance from the City Hall is something over 2 miles.—The whole number of lots is about 160, which at the rate of the sales, would bring about $800,000. In 1801 the property was bought by Mr. Murry for $11,100.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Emigrants.—There is a surprising falling off in the number of emigrants to Canada the present season, compared with those of several years past. In 120 vessels which arrived in Quebec last season to May 23, there were 5,471 steerage passengers. In 178 vessels which arrived at the same day of the present year there were but 951 steerage.

Cholera.—The Natchez Courier of the 15th ult. says:—The disease is now very prevalent upon steamboats coming from New Orleans. Scarcely a boat arrives from New Orleans, without reporting deaths, or leaving some of their dead to be buried in Natchez.

The Detroit Free Press says that the business of the lakes has far exceeded the most extravagant calculations. Of the trade of that port alone, some idea may be formed from the fact, that on the morning of the 23d ult. ten sail of schooners, and on the following morning twenty sail were approaching that city, mostly freighted with merchandize for the merchants of Detroit, and in some instances bound for the "far west."

The swamps and morasses in the neighborhood of New Orleans are to be effectually drained by a company for that purpose.

New York and Erie Rail Road.—The Goshen Democrat states, that several companies of surveyors and engineers are now upon the route, engaged in taking the levels, &c. preparatory to an early commencement of the work. Judge Wright with his assistants are most actively engaged, and we have no doubt that in the course of two or three months at farthest, the tract through the entire counties of Rockland and Orange will be under contract for its construction.

A quarry of pure marble has been discovered on a plantation about seven miles east of Carlisle in Pennsylvania. The specimens are said to be beautiful.

The New York Commercial says, there have been caught since the beginning of May, *twelve million* of sea shad—a greater number by far than were ever before caught during the same period. There were taken in one draught in the summer of 1834, fifteen hundred thousand.

Several of the large houses in Broadway, N. York, near the Bowling Green, are to be torn down in July, and warehouses erected in their places.

Curious Horticulture.—There is a cherry tree in the yard of Warren Alston, Staten Island, says the N. Y. Herald, which had, Friday afternoon, on its several branches, blossoms, ripe fruit, and green fruit, all in these different stages of growth at one and the same time. Every year it bears two crops of cherries.

The Common Council of New York, has appropriated $1000 towards the expense of a suitable celebration of the 4th of July.

There is just now quite a rage for emigration from Halifax. In consequence of the recent and still continued depression of trade, and the embarrassments produced by the sudden change, a considerable number of Mechanics and Laborers have gone to the States or adjoining Provinces.

Robbery.—The trunk of Gen. Macomb, containing nearly 200,000 dollars in money, drafts, &c., was cut from the stage near Baltimore Md.—It was afterwards found in a field rifled of the clothing, while the money remained untouched.

Steam Boats in the West.—It appears from a statement in Bradford's Comprehensive Atlas, that the whole number of steam boats which have been built in the West, is about 500. And in January 1834 the whole number employed in the Western waters was 230—whose aggregate amount of tonnage was 39,000 tons. They were built at a cost of about $3,000,000.

The income of John Jacob Astor is one million and fifty thousand dollars every year. He receives every month $125,000, every day upwards of $4000, and every hour upwards of $170, every minute $3, and every second five cents.

Emigrants.—A vessel arrived at Boston on Monday night, and landed at Liverpool wharf, from 40 to 60 Irish passengers, men, women and children, together with their baggage, and has sailed again. The passengers refused to give any information respecting the vessel, or from whence they came, and their baggage is now under seizure of the Customs. It has been ascertained that the vessel which brought the above passengers is the schooner Caroline, Slate, from Eastport. The Captain has been apprehended and held to answer for the offence.

Extensive Robbery of the Bank of Darien.—The Charleston, S. C. Courier says: The vaults of the Bank of Darien were forced open on the night either of the 6th or 7th inst. and robbed of upwards of $100,000 between 6 and 7000 of which is in specie.—The Bank has offered a reward of $5000 for proof to conviction of the robbery and recovery of the amount. The civil authorities in Savannah, supposing that the facilities afforded by the numerous steam boats leaving some of their officers in pursuit of the party or parties concerned. No clue however has as yet been had to their detection.

One hundred teams and two hundred men are just now engaged in Boston in removing a hill from the middle of the city,—that on which stood the house of the late Gardner Greene, Esq. surrounded by a spacious garden. It is of gravel and is computed to contain seven millions of square feet, which it will take the above force four months to transfer to the depot of the Lowell rail road, where an immense filling up is required. But for this timely necessity of the rail road, the hill would probably not have been cut down, for want of a place wherein to deposit it.

Segars.—It is said that $10,000 worth of segars are daily consumed in Havana. We know there are 30,000 persons in that city, out of a population of 80,000, engaged in the manufacture of this article.—The consumers in New York city exceed, we should imagine, those of Havana, though there every body smokes—man, woman and child, black and white, old and young, gentle and simple—whereas here the epidemic is confined to particular classes.

More Money of the Norfolk Bank recovered.—*West and Thorn*, sentenced to the state prison for 15 years, for robbing the Norfolk bank at Roxbury, disclosed a short time since to their counsel, that they had buried a large portion of the stolen money in a hill in the rear of the city of Cincinnati, where they were arrested. An accurate drawing and description of the place where the money was deposited were then obtained from them, and S. A. Moore, Esq. of this city despatched to recover the lost treasure. He succeeded in finding $7898 in the bills of the Bank, buried six or eight inches below the surface of the earth in two stone jars nearly sealed up, and buried with the mouth downwards.

Penalty for Slander.—An action for slander was lately tried in New York, in which Sarah Marie Williams was plaintiff, and Jonathan Hill, Post Master of Geneva, was defendant. Plaintiff was a young, handsome, genteel looking lady—defendant was

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Published every Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, Editor of the Reporter, Commercial Detector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1835.

		Sugar-house		47	49
ent		do. N. York		46	50
	6 75	do. Philad.		47	50
		do. Steam		46	50
	11	Trinidad		70	
		Porto Rico		53	57
		Havana French bl		52	54
	9	Clay & Muscovado		50	56
		MACKEREL			
		No. 1,	bbl	7 00	7 50
		No. 2,		5 75	6 00
		No. 3,		5 00	5 12½
	12				
	11	OIL			
		Linseed, Am. raw			
	19	do.		1 10	1 20
	11	do. Dutch,			1 25
	12½	Whale,	gal.		41
	12½	Sperm, winter,		1 20	1 40
		do. summer,			90
	17	PLASTER PARIS			
	17	In Delaware, ton		5 25	5 50
		In Schuylkill,		5 25	5 00
		SEEDS			
		Clover,	bush	4 50	4 75
		Flaxseed, rough,		1 00	
		do. clean,	cask		
		Timothy,	bbls	1 50	2 12½
		Red Top,	bush		
		Orchard grass,		2 00	
		WHISKEY			
		Rye, in bbls		28	30
		do. in hhds		25	26
		do. from wagon			24
		WOOL			
		Prime, Saxony, fleece			55
	85	Am. wash, full blood,		50	55
		do. do. half blood,		42	45
		do. do. quarter blood,		37	40
		Am. unwash. full blood		32	35
		do. do. half blood,		27	30
		do. do. quarter blood,		22	25
		Pulled, Lamb's,		50	55
		Super, pulled lambs,		50	55
		No. 1, do.		40	45
		No. 2, do.		32	35
		No. 3, do.		27	30
		Spanish, B. F. A. S			
	32	do. lambs,		75	1 00

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, June 20, 1835.

Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of the collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of Mr. S. Farmer, resigned.

☞ A man calling himself *C. L. Van Court*, absconded lately from *Gum Tree*, Chester county, Pa., in debt for subscription. Previous to which, by representation, he obtained moneys from individuals designed for the publisher of this paper. The sums were never accounted for; and we deem it but an owe to the community, to put them on the guard, in case the fellow should attempt to cheat others.

☞ Subscribers to this paper, in *Wilmington*, are requested to settle their subscriptions promptly with the agent, William H. Naff, Esq. Many are much in arrears. Those subscriptions which have been discontinued, and remain in arrears, must be settled speedily, or costs will be added, as the law has been authorized to commence suits against delinquents.

The agents generally are requested to compel payment by suit, where all other means of inducement of our just claims are found to be of no avail.

Notice is hereby given that the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Rail-road Company, will have their line of road completed to Norristown, as early as August, if perhaps sooner. When this shall be completed, the ride to Norristown, along the beautiful and romantic Schuylkill, will be delightful.

Hunting Park Course.—On Thursday, a match race, three mile heats, for the premium purse of $500, came off on this course. The horses entered were Selkirk's b.m. Camsadell, and Van Mater, b. h. Monmouth. Both heats were won by Monmouth. Time, first heat 5 min. 54 sec.—second heat 6 min. 20 sec.

ANOTHER ROW.

There was a riot of some consequence, on Tuesday night, among the blacks residing in the vicinity of Lombard and Sixth streets. A story, alleging that a certain black woman, living with one Hill, a coloured man, had lodged information against a runaway little wave, which led to her arrest, having got in circulation, a large concourse of coloured people, some of them armed with swords, and others with clubs made an assault on Hill's house, between 6 and 7 o'clock, and beat the inmates severely. Hill narrowly escaped with his life, and the woman, against whom the indignation of the mob was principally directed, was stabbed in several places. The Mayor and high constables succeeded, with much difficulty, in dispersing the mob, and in conveying the woman to a place of safety. Some of the rioters were arrested.

The neighbourhood in question has frequently been complained of, as dangerous for white people, on account of the insolence of the blacks. Almost every evening, crowds of these depraved creatures block up the pavements, and assault the white passengers who dare to obtain a contact with them by walking in the streets. The evil appears to become more alarming day, and the prompt and decided interference of the police authorities will ere long be required to suppress it.

AN ORGAN GRINDER.

Passing the Fish Market, on Tuesday last, we found a crowd of persons collected around an individual whom we took to be the proprietor of, and exhibitor upon, a hand organ, as the tones of that instrument were distinctly heard. On a closer examination, however, we found that the individual had no instrument, but produced the musical sounds from his throat. A more singular phenomenon we have rarely witnessed. The musician was coarsely habited, and presented to the observer the most inexpressive and unmeaning face we ever beheld. He stood in a posture slightly inclining forward, and with his mouth partly open, performed with perfect modulation, any tune that his motley audience desired. He is, no doubt, a ventriloquist.

Some items of foreign news will be found in another column. The British Parliament re-assembled on the 12th May, but nothing of importance had taken place up to the last dates. Sir John Byng, the member for Poole, has been created a Peer, in expectation that the vacancy will be filled by Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary. The member for Stroud has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to make room for Lord John Russell. Mr. O'Connell has publicly announced his determination to support the present Administration. Lord Aylmer, the present Governor of Canada, is to be re-called. The French Chamber of Peers had not acted on the Indemnity Bill, on the 13th May. The Constitution Frigate, with Mr. Livingston on board, bound for this country, had put into Plymouth in consequence of adverse winds. The Paris papers are chiefly occupied with the proceedings in the Chamber of Peers. *La Tribune*, a republican Paris journal, has ended its career. It had been seized 113 times since its commencement in 1831, and for the 113th on the last day of its existence. The fines to which it had been subjected, amounted to 157,400f., and the term of imprisonment of its different editors, when added together, to no less than 45 years. The public subscriptions raised towards the payment of the fines amounted to 85,852f., leaving a balance against the concern of 71,548f. One of the editors, M. Bichat, has still five, and another, M. Lirone, 14 years to remain in prison to expiate their political offences. Another prosecution was hanging over its head at the time of its dissolution, in consequence of an attack on the proceedings pending before the Chamber of Peers.

The influence of *strikes* seems to be extending daily, and there is no telling where it will terminate. We heard a proposition made a few evenings since, in relation to this subject, of a most alarming character. It was that the young ladies should strike, and refuse to wed any young gentleman, until the whole body of single themselves to be more attentive to the sex. This act off against this, the young bachelors have it their under advisement, whether it is not expedient to strike, and compel young ladies to visit them. A meeting has already been held on the subject, and an animated debate was the result. The spirit of indignation has received a fresh impetus; and from the remarks of several young men of talent—who spoke with great zeal in favour of the proposition—we infer that the scheme is decidedly popular. Another meeting is to be held next week, and having an invitation to attend, we shall be careful to inform our readers of the result. What see we coming to?

"——Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him."

THE TURN-OUT.

The movement on the part of the journeymen carpenters and masons, for the ten hour system, has been followed by the trades generally—some having struck for hours, and some for higher wages. The following is a list of the trades that appear dissatisfied with the present arrangements:

Journeymen Cordwainers,	Stock-makers,
Carters,	Saddlers,
Sawyers,	Plumbers,
Weavers and Manufacturers,	Binders and Folders,
	Block and Pump-makers,
Leather Dressers,	Bricklayers,
Carpenters,	Cabinet-makers,
Tobacconists,	Bakers,
Tailoresses,	Wood-sawyers,
Seamstresses,	Hod-carriers,

and Coal-heavers.

Some have obtained what they asked for, and are again at work, while others are marching in procession, with music and banners, about our streets. To be in the fashion, we have some idea of calling upon our contemporaries, for the purpose of effecting a *publishers' strike*. As the price of provision, labour and merchandize, has advanced, and as a liberal spirit appears to prevail among all classes of people, it occurs to us that it would be a good time to ask for an advance in the price of newspapers. At the present rates they are entirely too cheap, in proportion to the price of other necessaries of life, and unless subscribers are punctual in their payments, publishing is a very poor business. All our contemporaries, we apprehend, will readily join in a strike *for punctuality*.

WAGES OF FEMALES.

The tallowmen, seamstresses, binders, folders and stock-makers of the city and liberties, will hold a meeting at the Commissioner's Hall, Southwark, this afternoon, with a view of considering the propriety of demanding an advance on their present wages. We trust they will adopt such measures as will enable them to accomplish the object.

The resolutions on the subject of female labour, which we published last week, have elicited the following communication:

"To the Editor of the S. E. Post.

Sir: Mr. Draper's resolutions respecting female labour, which I read in your paper of June 13th, suggested to my mind the following queries, viz:

1st. Is not the reduced price of female labour, particularly needlework, the consequence of competition?

2nd. Is not this competition caused principally by the employment of the needle of great numbers of young, able-bodied, and unincumbered women and girls; to the manifest injury of their health and morals?

3rd. Could not ladies remedy the evil in some degree, by given need e-work to such only as are disabled by circumstances from pursuing active employment?

4th. Would not this plan, if adopted, be a possible means of increasing the number, and improving the quality of our domestic servants?

5th. Is there any complaint of lowness of wages, or scarcity of work in the latter department.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

FOOT RACE.

A foot race of three miles, for a purse of $300—$100 to the best and $100 to the second best runner—took place on the Hunting Park Course, near this city, on Monday last, in presence of a very large concourse of spectators. Great interest was excited in consequence of Stannard, the winner on the Long Island Course, being among the competitors. The Course was cleared about one o'clock, when thirteen candidates presented themselves at the stand, having previously been entered on the list. The word "go" being given by one of the judges, they all started off in brisk style.

The three best runners on the first mile, were Berry, a Philadelphian, Barefoot, an Iroquois Indian, and Stannard, who came up to the stand in the order we have named them, Stannard, however, being only about two *yards* behind. On the second mile Berry got behind, and most of the other runners gave out, leaving the race to the Indian and Stannard. The Indian was a few feet ahead, at the end of the second mile. On the third mile Stannard passed the Indian with ease, and came in about forty yards ahead, thus securing the purse of $400. Stannard was the favorite throughout, and many believed that he could have accomplished the distance in a much shorter space of time, had he been disposed. At the end of the race he appeared as fresh and as lively as when he started. The first mile was run in five minutes—the three miles in sixteen minutes.

PRECIOUS ROGUES.

"But then a worshipful society."

We could fill a column of our paper every week with notices of consummate villains who are prowling about our country, doing mischief, and cheating the honest and unsuspecting, but in general we have an aversion to these details of crime, and pass them over with a very slight notice. In some cases, however, it is due to the community, that the arts of these locomotive scoundrels should be exposed, and their characters sent after them, that they may be recognised, detected, and punished, and two or three instances of this kind now claim our attention.

The Lycoming (Pa.) Chronicle, of last week, speaks of a fellow calling himself Dr. A. Brainard, who lately visited that place, in the character of a Surgeon Dentist, and after ingratiating himself into public favor, commenced a regular system of villainy and swindling.

"While here" says the Chronicle, "after various advances to other females, he succeeded in decoying the daughter (an interesting girl about 15 years of age) of one of our most respectable citizens, with whom he decamped in the absence of her father, intending no doubt to act the part of a base, black-hearted villain towards her. Very fortunately, however, the whole matter was discovered before they had proceeded far, and the sheriff, accompanied by several of our citizens, immediately pursued and arrested them at Jersey Shore, (15 miles distant) from whence they were brought back, the young lady restored to her parents, and the Doctor made an inmate of our prison, where he remained until the following day, when he was liberated by the skilful management of one of our "down east" lawyers, in furnishing a fleet horse at the jail door, upon which Brainard was instantly mounted, and left town amidst the *tolling of the court house bell*, and the hisses and hootings of the incensed populace—thus saving himself from a coat of tar and feathers which was in readiness for him."

Brainard is about five feet seven inches high, of good personal appearance, dresses well, and cuts considerable figure in the way of cane; dark complexion, black hair and eyes, prominent eyebrows, and has eyes set deep in his head; when he walks he has a slight limp, so slight that it is not perceptible except on close observation; talks fluently, and his language occasionally bespeaks him a yankee, although he professes to be from Ohio.

ANOTHER.—The Worcester, (Mass.) Spy, of Wednesday last, contains an account of a vagrant pretender, who, professing to be an English or Scotch physician, of great learning and skill, recently visited Springfield, in that state, and circulated a swaggering handbill headed, "Advice Gratis." He professed to have a peculiar mode of curing diseases, and boasted of the numerous cures he had effected since he had been in this country. He was on the philanthropic errand of doing the good no other physician had the art to perform. The Springfield editor says—

"We could not believe any of our inhabitants would suffer themselves to be humbugged in this way; if we had, we should have cautioned them before; for we considered him, the moment we read his bill, as much of an imposter, though not as serial as the "rain-water-doctor," who flourished some twenty years since. But we were surprised to learn that many did go to him; were fleeced of their five and ten dollar bills, and some are now in a worse state of health than before. His "advice gratis," consisted in requesting the payment of five dollars when the first dose was given, and so on 'till the sum stipulated for the cure was paid. He left here in the Boston stage on the 26th, unexpectedly to his patients, whom he had agreed to cure. We have facts which show his ignorance of the nature of medicine and the disease, and we believe him to be a quack and an imposter, traveling the country, living by his wits, in imposing upon the credulous invalid. A gentleman of this town recognized Whitney as the same who taught a dancing school in Boston, about three years since."

Incorrigible Larceny.—A young man named Samuel Putnam Flint, a medical student from Salem, was arrested in Boston, on Monday week, charged with having abstracted an ivory snuff box and an alabaster dove, from the shop of a dealer in such articles, and suspected of having helped himself very liberally to the goods and chattels of all sorts of people. The box and dove were found in his possession, together with some very singular memoranda, from which it would seem that he has been for some time carrying on a system of general plunder, with great method and success. One of these is in the words following:—

"Things to do in Boston,
Things to see or visit."

Athen. Gal.—Athenæum—Museum F. Arts, and get press.

S. E. Museum, day and night—investigate every thing—get things.

Get violin strings gratis at various a orca.

Exchange ever-point pen, for round tight one.

Call at Conchol. and Bot. col. store, Tremont s.—get every thing.

Visit Horticultural rooms, and see every thing, and get things.

Visit Seminary in School street—get all I can!

Wash, head, ears, neck.

Get some unsound cavendish and clean teeth.

Cut nails—fingers and toes.

Get hand some cane in hand—gratis.

Call at Stone's store, and take things, or see him.

Call on the Secretary of American Temperance Society, and get Report, and see about joining.

Refer to card, and call on all Societies, and join!

Get oranges, lemons, candy, oysters, cakes.

Get large size cat-skin pocket—g——s.

Get some pocket knives—gratis.

Get some gloves—g——s.

See who Laurist accords.

Visit every auction room in the city—inquire for sales of bridges and flats.

Visit every auction room in the city—inquire for sales of all kinds.

See what hours Mrs. Stone has breakfast, dinner, supper.

Get all the numbers of M'Dowall's Journal.

Call at Marsh, Capen and Lyon—get books, frames—g——s.

Get some penknives, fine rare, gratis.

Get Secrets of Females, and Nature's Disclosed.

On the day after he arrest a lady at whose house he had boarded, seeing an account of the circumstances in one of the papers, gave notice to the police that he had left two trunks in her charge; these were opened and found to contain an omnium gatherum including the following items:

Books of all kinds, some very valuable—a large number religious, plaster casts of Venus, phrenological busts, &c.; new umbrellas, walking canes, musical "fiddle strings," Dutch pipes, fine cap, and instrumentum, combs, pens, magnifying glasses, boxes, labels, gloves, jewelry, 1 pkge. tickets to Cartoons of Raphaelle, pkge. black sand, bottle of cologne, medicine, pistol, green curtain, pieces polished myrtle, new boots, jack-knife, small brass padlocks, shavings, sand box, darkeys, stocks, tailor's measure, India rubbers, brushes, paints, including 9 copies of the Crucifixion, on royal drawing paper, soap tablets, containing a paper of ginger bread, and some eggs snugly packed in meal, a piece of liquorice, and an old lady's night cap, and "various other articles too numerous to particularize"—all new.

Another of the memoranda contained the following hints, to be carried into performance as leisure and occasion permitted:

Call at Carter & Hender's, and get books *gratis*.

"Visit Bally's Female High School—*gratissime*.

Call on Worster in State Prison, and get copy slips.

Get books from Library—*valuable*.

Proceedings and Reports of various Benevolent Societies.

Visit the room of obscene prints.

Visit the rehearsal at Bowdoin street church.

Go to the Theatre once.

Call and see Adam & Eve.

Visit the Athenæum, examine every room and thing.

Get all the coins I can find.

The N. E. Museum, night and day—*criticise and get every thing I can.*

Visit Maydee's Exhibition between 11 and 1.

See where the female advocate is published.

Get books exchanged.

He was held to bail on various charges, made by those persons who were able to identify their property among his stores, in the sum of $600, which it was expected, would be much enlarged as new claimants and complainants made their appearance.

The Salem Register states that he is well known in that town, and that his conduct has, for a long time, been strange and eccentric, indicating partial insanity. It is very probable that his head is not altogether right.

THEATRICAL.

Madame Celeste will conclude her engagement at the Chesnut street Theatre, this evening.

Mr. Coney and his two Dogs, and Mr. Blanchard the man-monkey, are still performing at the Walnut street Theatre.

Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles sailed from New York on Tuesday, in the Columbus, for Liverpool.

Mr. Tyrone Power will also sail in a few days. A splendid dinner was given him on Tuesday, by a party of his friends and admirers.

Mrs. Chapman took her farewell benefit at the Park Theatre on Thursday.

Mrs. Knight, the vocalist, has returned to New York from her long tour at the south, where, as her friends will be glad to hear, she was extremely successful. The Times says:—Her health is good and her voice is thought to be improved in tone and power. It is expected that her admirers will soon have an opportunity of hearing her again.

The late duel between Mr. Morgan O'Connell, son of the agitator, and Lord Alvanley, forms a prominent topic of remark in the English papers. It appears that Mr. M. O'Connell challenged Lord Alvanley for an attempt made to expel his father from a club. Lord Alvanley accepted the challenge, and the parties met on the field, Mr. O'Connell seconded by Col. Hodges, and his opponent by Col. Damer. The latter was to give the word—"ready—fire!"—and while explaining this to the principals, Mr. O'Connell fired in mistake. Here a discussion arose between the parties. Col. Damer insisted that Lord Alvanley was entitled to a return fire, and Col. Hodges that he was not, as the shot was fired under a misapprehension. Lord Alvanley claimed his right to return the fire, and the parties exchanged shots twice, without effect, when they left the field.

The subject is thus noticed in a recent London paper.

Any deviation from established customs in the practice of dueling (a practice only tolerable as protecting the inoffensive man from the bully) is so dangerous to the safety of the delicate code by which the honour of every member of society is shielded, that too great watchfulness cannot be exercised for its preservation by every man who claims the privileges of a gentleman.

On this ground I make no apology for requesting your attention, as a public organ of public opinion, to the following remarks on the late duel between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Morgan O'Connell.

Of the cause of quarrel, or the propriety of admiring one man, and that man a son, as a substitute for another, in any quarrel of life and death, it is unnecessary to speak; such a principle is abhorrent to every law of civilized society, and it is with mixed astonishment and horror we look back upon the days when, by the barbarous habits of our ancestors, friends and even relations were exposed to the chance of meeting as seconds on opposite sides, and shedding each other's blood, without the remotest cause of enmity having previously existed between them, like the hired gladiators of a Roman arena.

But to the affair before us, as regards simply the usages of duels in our time, and the peculiar events of the duel now under consideration. Lord Alvanley and Mr. O'Connell met to fight—to fight upon the now well-established footing of rendering, as far as possible, to the decision of chance the fate and issue of such encounters. From a misunderstanding of the explanation of the signal to fire, for the signal itself, Mr. O'Connell, by firing at Lord Alvanley before he was prepared, so far altered the relative position of the combatants, as regarded a simultaneous exchange of shots, that nothing but a return of the mistake that could restore the equilibrium of chance between them. Colonel Damer demands this. Mr. Hodges refused it for his friend. Lord Alvanley at once waving the rule by which he might have sheltered himself under his second's award, desired Col. Damer to abandon the demand, on which, without the smallest compunction, and avail to himself of the unwarrantable opinion of his second, Mr. O'Connell gladly took the advantage conceded him, and fought he had as if his first shot had gone to perfume, both parties proceeding to exchange two shots simultaneously before they parted.

Now, divesting the affair of all but the mere facts of the duel, those seem to present themselves:—

1. How was Mr. Hodges warranted in refusing for his friend the only possible award of restoring the balances of chance, by receiving the return shot of Lord Alvanley?

2. How does Mr. O'Connell himself stand, having sheltered himself behind his second's award, which he antagonist so generously selected to do when he had the same open to?

3. How do Mr. O'Connell and his second answer to the world the broad fact that he fired three shots at Lord Alvanley, while the other had but two shots at him, and that he did not even fire his second shot in the air, as a proof at least of his unwarily and fair intentions, though he has not the manly boldness to meet on receiving the single return shot from Lord Alvanley?

Mr. Hodges, who was once a Lieutenant in the British army, though his name as a duellist is to be found in Don Pedro's marine list, must have been aware that after the mistake of Mr. O'Connell stood exactly in the position of a man who, having drawn consequently Lord Alvanley's right to return a fire unreasonable; for who in the world ever dreamed of a declination of mistake similar in the amount of life and death as value received for a bullet? and if that bullet had taken effect, and killed Lord Alvanley, how would he have been the better for this abnormal declaration?

The second question Mr. O'Connell will best answer to his own conscience; but had he, rather by the mistake shot or either of his others, killed Lord Alvanley, his late, as well as his friend and chastiser, would have been considered by a British jury: the declaration of mistake would have been quite as unsatisfactory to them as to the dead man.

The third question can only be decided by public opinion; and here the duellist or his second can have no valid opinion, after having, by the admitted error of the former, and the generous award of the latter, converted the even chances of a duel into the odds of three to two, and readily ventured to put forward a declaration of mistake as an excuse for his cowardice, refusing to be satisfied. Well did Shakspeare paint the human heart when he wrote—

"In a false quarrel there is no true valour."

Military Glory.—The citizens of Wheeling, Va. have lately organized a new military corps, under the title of the "*Earthquake Independent Volunteers*," a name that must strike terror to the souls of the enemies of America. A correspondent of the Wheeling Gazette, thus pictures on the occasion.

Wheeling Earthquake Independent Volunteers.

A PARODY.

I see them on their marching way—
Above their ranks their banners play;
But not a waste was'd on high
Brandishes the proud mace of victory;
And awful swords of tin beat plank
And lightning o'er the misty rank.
They're not—and gone the musket's flash,
To which the "tune and drum" were cast:
And hunter, hunter, hunter said
The captain's sword bump o'er the hill.

In that long line that's struggling on
A mother never could tell her son;
Their faces decked in every hue
From red to "sweet celestial blue,"
And coats of every fashion known
Since Adam flung his fig leaves on.
And for crowd'd hats like soldier life,
And caps that look like pyramids.
Their coat of arms, a bull beloved—
"Our country's bulwark," stay and aid.

Again, again! with kettle drum
And grind-stone organ, hark! they come,
Through crowds that laugh until they weep,
In queer, lanes in piles they sweep:
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Loud peals of laughter rend the air;
And forth to meet the proud array
A thousand urchins crowd the way—
With huge tin horns and kettle drum,
And grind-stone organ, hark! they come. V.

DIALOGUE.

"Ah! Misser Charles, I see you dere, jus opened de cella."

"Good morning, Missee Dinah, good morning."

"Good morning, Misser Charles—guess you hab nothen to make de pot bile to-day, Misser Broadback."

"How ash! Missee Dinah!"

"How ash! Misser Charles? why dem you not de sun is up dese tree hours, and you jis lebt your screw. Why you not open de cella store, you ole lazy bones?"

"Pshaw! Missee Dinah, you know de new regulashun, dat a body mus not open de cella fore 6 o'clock. I'm surprise at you ignorance, Missee Dinah!"

"An 'spose de gemman want ee boot black'd afore 6, Misser Charles—how you do den, hi?"

"Why den *de boot go widout de blackin*, Missee Dinah, dat's a fact. De boot-blacks is men of principle, by gum, and not gwoin to be made slaves all he life."

"Good day, Misser Charles."

"Good day, Missee Dinah—pshaw! guess de nigga's broke out in de new place dis mornin.

THE UNFURLING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The beautiful painting representing the unfurling of the American Flag, to Marion, by Mr. Pennett, in the time of a council in that day, during which many persons took refuge with the American Ambassador, from the fury of the mob, is now being exhibited at Independence Hall. The painter, Mr. White, is a native of Charleston, S. C. and was a pupil of Benjamin West. At the termination of the exhibition, the picture will be presented to the United States Government, as a national memorial. The Herald gives the painting the following notice:

The disturbances which took place in Mexico on the night of the 30th November, 1828, will be fresh in the remembrance of our readers. Many of the European Spaniards took refuge in the house of Mr. Pointsett, the American Ambassador, where they were pursued, and depositions made for an attack, that must inevitably have involved the inmates in destruction, had it not been suddenly arrested by a movement displaying at once the most admirable presence of mind under peculiarly trying circumstances, and undaunted courage equalled only by the noble motives that prompted it to action. At the moment when the preparations were completed, and the onset about to commence, Mr. Pointsett appeared on the balcony of his house, accompanied by his Secretary, Mr. Mason, unfurling the Star Spangled Banner. The effect was electrical. The standard of liberty and of a great and generous nation was regarded, the

"moral engines whose rude threats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit"

were mute, a bewildering, ungoverned mob fell back in silent respect; and they who claimed the protection of America were saved merely by the influence of her moral standing among nations. It is at this moment that the artist has, we think, with great feeling and power depicted the exciting scene. The figures in the back-ground, their grouping, and the concentration of attention upon the principal action of the picture, are admirable. The confused and various movements in the street beyond, the calm and peaceful landscape in the distance, so subdued into a twilight like the tone of the subject, though possessing great finish when examined separately, are evidences of the true taste and judgment of an artist.

The following extract from a long letter, addressed by E. L. Finley, Esq. of Baltimore, to the corporate authorities and citizens of the city of New York, will be read, no doubt with interest, by all our readers. It appeared originally in the Baltimore Patriot, and has been going the rounds, of all the papers, from Maine to Georgia—Col. Finley is represented a gentleman of high standing and has in his possession fully corroborated by Gen. G. W. Williamson, the gentleman who accompanied him to "Tammany Hall."

On the evening of *Sunday* last, whilst walking Broadway, in company with my friend, General George W. Williamson of the city, I expressed a curiosity to see "Tammany Hall," which I had heard spoken of as your great arena for public discussion, we accordingly proceeded thither, and on entering the Hall, discovered to our surprise, a large audience assembled, listening apparently with wrapt attention to a speaker who was addressing them from a pulpit at one extremity of the Hall. The door keeper required of us *six pence* each as the price of admission, which we paid, and took our seats on one of the back benches. On looking round I discovered that of the audience which nearly filled the large Hall, about one half consisted of respectable dressed females of all ages, from the young woman just blooming into womanhood, to the aged matron. Immediately on the left of the pulpit, on the front bench, were seated a number of venerable old men, some bald from age, and others with scanty locks, which had been whitened by the lapse of many scores of winters. In the rear of them, were a number of persons, with musical instruments in their hands; and nearly fronting the pulpit, was a gentleman in appearance, with a beautiful and interesting boy, apparently about *five* years of age, in his arms, whose youthful grace appeared to be directed with fascinating influence to the speaker in the pulpit. The rest of the audience were well dressed persons—many of them youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age. After making this rapid survey, and directing our attention to the speaker, our preprepossessions were at once exerted in his favor. He was apparently about 25 or 30 years of age; of handsome personal appearance—winning address—musical voice—and exhibiting great powers of elocution. He was pausing in review of the different systems of Theology of the various sects and nations of the world, showing much historical research, and evidencing much talent. We were delighted, and congratulated each other on having gone to the Hall. A revulsion of feelings however soon took place, when on his making a practical application of what he had been reviewing, the result of all his facts and reasoning, was INFIDELITY, in its most undisguised, naked and disgusting form. When he finished his address, which was evidently a premeditated one, he resigned his place in the pulpit to an elderly man, of rude manners and unprepossessing exterior, who read from a book several verses, which were sung by most of the audience—principally by the females—accompanied by the musical instruments. The same person then commenced and delivered an address, which occupied about thirty minutes, and which, for gross absurdity, impiety, and the most revolting profanity, was never exceeded during the wildest excesses of the French Revolution. I will not enter into the disgusting detail of all he said, but merely state a few of its characters. He boldly denied and derided the *Existence of a God*; declared with much force that the *Holy Bible* was a humbug; and that *all Professors of Religion were only Hypocrites*, whose sole object was to fill their bellies with beef and pudding. I listened with horror and astonishment—horror that any civilized or human being should openly proclaim a belief in such doctrines—astonished that the promulgation of them, should be tolerated in any community. I looked round at the audience. The old men nodded assent even to the most alien of his doctrines; the females, whose sensitive feelings, and lively imaginations, too often make them the victims of designing men, listened with avidity, and some of them responded with a laugh to his grossest ribaldry; a youth of not more than 16, next to whom I sat, in response to some of the doctrines, exclaimed "that is true," and the beautiful little boy, in the arms of his father near the front of the pulpit, whose countenance indicated warm vitalizable feelings, were presented to receive any impression—for good or for bad—with open hands, and eyes beaming with interest and intelligence, drank in the polluted nectar from the old man's lips.

The feelings revolted at the doctrines I heard so shamelessly proclaimed. As a citizen of a free country, where best institutions would neither under the pretence, nor clamour of the *Upas tree of Infidelity*, or a member of a social community, all of whose fireside meeting and assembling bonds would be broken through were they not surrounded by the safeguards which are inculcated by the Bible. As a philanthropist, who could not see youth and old age trembling on the verge of a precipice, without raising a warning cry, and extending forth a helping hand to save them from perdition. I determined to enter my protest against the doctrines I had heard.

As soon as the last speaker closed his address, I advanced to the pulpit, and in the accident and interest which it was supposed I felt, two speakers presented themselves to address the audience in the audience, ready to them. I was refused. I observed to them it was a public meeting, for admission into which we had paid at the door; that they had stated that the only true guide was *Reason*, and had, in both their addresses, challenged investigation into the correctness of their doctrines, that their doctrines were to my mind, so blasphemous, and so subversive of the principles of our Government, that I was anxious for an opportunity to refute them; that if their doctrines could bear the test of reason, they ought not to refuse investigation. The younger of the speakers then said, "*against one day this week* and we will hear you." I replied that I was a stranger, and that my engagements required me to leave the city, on my return to Baltimore, the next morning, that their speeches had been prepared with care, and that my reply would be extemporaneous; that I wished whilst the minds of the audience were warm from the glowing impress of their addresses, to erase the impression, before it had become informed by time; I was again refused. I appealed then to the old gentleman on the front bench, on the left of the pulpit, who stated they were Trustees of the Society. They also refused me with much vehemence of manner, I then turned round and appealed to the audience. I said to them "that I was a stranger in their city, and had been attracted by curiosity to see "Tammany Hall," a name associated with Democracy, and with liberty and freedom of speech, that I was from the South, whose citizens, from misapprehension of their character by many in the East, were supposed to be somewhat latitudinarian in their religious opinions, but that the doctrines which I had heard that night were blasphemous in their character, and so demoralizing in their tendency—as subversive of the free institutions under which we lived; so inimical to social order, and so utterly at variance with all my preconceived opinions of religious obligations, and of moral duty, that I was constrained to enter my protest against them; that I had appealed to the speakers and to the Trustees for permission, which they had refused, and that I now appealed to *them*, asked "will you hear me?" The appeal was responded to from the audience by the often repeated cry of "hear him."

Before I could avail myself of this permission, I was surrounded by the Trustees, who accused me of disturbing their meeting, and said I should not speak—if to this time, no violence had been offered;—but, whilst mildly remonstrating with the speakers and Trustees about their refusal to comply with the wishes of the audience, a *gallant* man, one of the *soldiers*, who was safely entrenched behind two tow of benches, struck a blow at me, which, however, did not reach me. This was the signal for tumult. I was seized by the Trustees, whose age and grey hairs protected them from a blow; and, notwithstanding the assistance of my friend, General Williamson, who participated in my feelings, sustained me through the whole affair, we were both precipitated over benches and chairs, with much violence, and soon found ourselves at the bottom of the stair. One of the Trustees, whose head was bald from age, and who had been most prominent in the "melee," followed us to the street, called the watch, who, he required to take us into custody. The watch, after hearing his statement, refused. We then requested, as a favor, to be taken before the city authorities, which he assented to. On our arrival at the Police Office the Trustees preferred his complaint against us, and insisted on our detention. I gave a simple statement of facts which was corroborated by the volunteer testimony of many gentlemen who had followed us from the Hall, and whose honest indignation, which the presence of the presiding Alderman could scarcely restrain, furnished the best commentary on the whole proceeding. The complaint was promptly dismissed by the presiding Judge, and we were at liberty to depart. To the gentlemen before whom we were so unexpectedly arraigned, I tender the thanks of General Williamson and myself for the politeness we experienced, and the civilities which they extended to us. After remaining at the office until the crowd dispersed we returned to the City Hotel, and in pursuance of our previous arrangements left your city at 10 A. M. in the steam boat for Baltimore.

Correspondence of the N. O. Bulletin.

SAN FELIPE, 13th May, 1835.

Santa Anna has been declared Dictator, and will no doubt shortly be Emperor or Protector. In that event Texas will be surely transferred to the United States.

The state Congress has granted a charter for a bank of one million capital in Texas. It will be a good thing.

The country is flooded with arrangers. Every day brings more of them. But we have a remarkably dry season, and I fear no crops will be made this year.

Your Friend, &c.

Another Mexican Outrage.—Sometime in October last, the schooner St. Croix, captain Ward, sailed from this port, bound to Aransaso Bay, in Texas, with colonists and freight; and on arriving at that port, the vessel was visited by the collector of the place, who, without assigning any reasons, seized the schooner and her cargo, and lodged the Captain in prison, where he was confined in a loathsome situation for twenty-nine days, and suffered much for want of proper food. On being liberated, he found the vessel plundered of her sails and money, and as the crew had deserted, he was forced to abandon his vessel and cargo, and quit the country with all possible despatch, to escape a second incarceration. Remonstrance was vain—no satisfaction could be obtained. This is only one among many instances of outrage committed by the Mexican authorities on that coast; and we hope and believe that our government will speedily adopt measures to redress the losses and injuries sustained by many of our fellow citizens.

COMMUNICATION.

We trust Miss Mary Duff's benefit at the Walnut st. Theatre on Monday evening next, will not be forgotten. The bill of fare is unusually attractive, let not the lateness of the season prevent a goodly attendance. This young lady has powerful claims, whether her dramatic talent or meritorious character be considered, and we earnestly hope for her, on the occasion of her last appearance at the American Theatre for the season, a liberal extension of the countenance and support she so richly deserves.

☞ CIRCULAR. ☜

PENNSYLVANIA LINE, ATTENTION!!!

Farewell Benefit of the Stage of Mr. Allen, the oldest Native Actor and Costumer extant.

American Theatre—Walnut Street.

MR. ALLEN, ever grateful for past favors, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his farewell benefit is fixed for Wednesday evening, June 24th, when he hopes by his performance of the original Colonel Lance, to secure to himself such a Benefit, that there will not be a seat vacant to be had at the Centre Board, and all may—that is intend the case of reason and the love of soul. VIVAT REPUBLICA.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

June 12—Received from		*Received from*	
N. March & Co.	75 00	James Cook, Esq.	6 00
Wm. J. Dale,	10 00	C. F. Willard, Esq.	10 00
Robt. M. Briggs,	5 00	J. H. Stewart, Esq.	2 00
L. Kellenberger, Esq.,	11 00	*June 16.*	
Levi Williams, Esq.	5 00	Robert Love,	2 00
June 13.		Luther L. Arnold,	1 00
James Patten,	2 00	James Devitt, Esq.	1 00
Elijah Willard,	5 00	Theodore Cobb, Esq.	2 00
Jos. G. Oliver, Esq.	5 00	Wm. H. Neff, Esq.	21 25
Wm. Porter, Esq.	2 00	J. Kilborn, Esq.	2 00
S. Winchester, Esq.	5 00	S. B. Downs, Esq.	2 00
S. Moody, Esq.	2 00	Adam Wilson, Esq.	3 00
Rivinus Camp, Esq.	3 00	N. S. Congdon,	3 00
Wm. Welch, Esq.	10 00	Francis

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

John and James had some altercation about an apple. "You are a thief, John, so you are," exclaimed James, accompanying the charge with a smart slap on the cheek.

"Do you think you can beat me?" retorted John, as he gave his antagonist a pozer that laid him flat on his back.

The *feared* lad, looking up very imploringly from his humiliating situation, replied—

"No, I find that I can't flog you; but there's *a watcher* boy in school that could—*if he dared to try it.*"—*Parry Forrester.*

Conundrum.—Why is a postillion, driving jack horses, the most likely person to give Lectures on Phrenology? Because he Gulls and Spurtheim.

Why is oak the worst wood to make a wooden leg? Because it produces a corn.

From the Dublin Satirist.

EPITAPHS FOR OUR FRIENDS.

Eyes when they're dead, my love shall still survey—
I'll write their Epitaph——— *Old Play.*

Ever the faithful caterers for the public in whatever regards the life, in the present instance we go a step farther, and exhibit our love even beyond the grave We have underneath inclited some excellent epitaphs, for divers of our friends, no matter of what profession or trade. We hope all this may be taken in good part, as we have no desire to see any of our lucubrations on a tomb-stone for these forty years to come.

The first whom we honour is our particular enemy, John Gaskin, 22, College green.

Underneath this *case* doth lie
A man well known to thee;
And for the good he did to *Time*,
He's got Eternity.
And when his *Maker* doth *wind up*
His great account, may he
Prove that the *main-spring* of his life
Has been from error free.

The next is for Coidovan Drummond, of Trinity-street.

Poor Crispin's bones lie near this place,
For Death did him fore *stall*;
And when he left this life, 'tis said,
He then relinquish'd *awl*.
His *sole* delight was doing good;
And thus he gain'd life's goal—
So let us hope, in th' *upper* place
He may repose his *soul*.

Now comes our friend, Isaac Buck Bethel.

Here lies, of Cornsellors the chief,
Who found that life was very *brief*;
Death serv'd *subpœna* as a clearance,
And he put in a quick *appearance*:
From this, no doubt, he's travell'd far,
To *plead* at the Eternal bar.

The next that we provide for is Ned Deane, of East Arran-street.

This holds the poor remains of one
Who oft made mankind *bright*;
And tho' his works were *wick*-ed here,
He may inherit *light*.

Here is one for Snip Jones, of Kildare-street.

Beneath this stone low lies the head
Of one whom Death has made a *shred*,
Sad *remnant* for a town church yard.
With all his *measures* and his pains,
If he his *suit* eternal gains,
'Twill be by *work*-ing very hard.

Now for our friend, Pat Whelan, of Watling-street.

Here, within this narrow *pit*,
Paddy's *trunk*'d remains so fit.
Upon a bed of *lan* he died—
He's gone, we don't know where, to *hide*.

The next we notice is Prudence Henderson, of 8, Townsend-street.

Here lies poor Pru., who's lately *lent*
A *ticket* on a "go;"
She's *pop*'d her spirit up, but left
Its *duplicate* below.

Behold what trouble we have been at to compose the following for William Dobbin, of Great Strand-street.

Here lies a poor *plane dea*l-ing man,
(Old Nick refused the leavings;)
We know not who has got the *stuff*,
But earth has all the *shavings*.

Now we turn to William Brierly, of Back-lane.

Here lies in cold ashes the prince of good fellows,
Who, alive, night and morning kept blowing a *bellows*;
And 'tis fully believed that the cause of his death
Arose from his losing his bellows and *breath*.

The next is for that old dust, Mrs. Mitchel, of Earl-street.

Here lies the remains of an elderly slaven,
Who, tho' *flour*-ry, was very *ill-bread*;
In life she was always so fond of the *oven*,
'Tis bet ered she's got into one, dead.

The following is respectfully dedicated to Big Ferguson, of Bachelor's-walk.

Here lies Big Ferguson, o'ercast,
Knock'd down by grizzly Death at last;
And Death, the auctioneer, has not
For years had such a *heavy lot*.

The next is on our excellent friend and contributor, Bumbo Greene.

Here Bumbo lies, and, when he died,
A hundred persons weeping cried,
Each mourner roaring higher and higher,
Alas! "*the fat's all in the fire.*"

Here is one for Patt Banbury, of Dominick-street.

Here lie, and tell't from *gate* to *gate*,
Patt's flesh and bones, but not his soul—
That went alone where all approach,
The nell came in a *mourning coach*.

Now comes the turn of Matt Floud, of Great Brunswick-street.

Here *lies*, as black as any *coal*,
Matt's body, after life's ill-be braving;
And tho' this li e is *black*, his soul,
'Tis hoped, is gone to a *white-haven*.

The last that at present we shall offer to our friends is for Peter Farrell, of Cook-street.

Here slumbers, after all life's rackets,
A man who fashion'd *wooden-jackets*
For many, many men in town,
And yet he did not make his own.

Bankrupt Dividends.—The anecdote of the barber's failure in Wednesday's paper reminded a friend to call and tell us of a loss he met with a few days since by the failure of a professional polisher of boots. The disciple of Day & Martin had by only change pair of sun-cracks in possession, for the purpose of "gibig' on 'em de reel shine;" but as they did not appear at his door in due time in the morning, he put on yesterday's dull pair and found his way to the shop of Coffee Brush, which was as fast as a door-nail could make it. Call, however, showed the dark of his countenance through a broken pane, and said,

"Good mornin', mas-s."

"Open the door, Cuff."

"Oh, massa, I berry sorry I can't admit your honor."

"Can't—why not?"

"Why, I sent misfortin, and have been 'bliged to tittn bankrupt."

"Ah, that's bad—how much have you failed for?"

"Thirteen dollar seblenty one cent, massa."

"Well, hand out my boots, Cuff—make an honest settlement with your creditors, and you'll do well enough."

"Here's one, massa."

"Hand along the other."

"O no, massa, I only pays dibbidend of fifty cent on de dollar."—*Boston Trav.*

A Direct Yankee Answer.—The following conversation took place not long since in one of the fishing towns on the coast of New England:

"Good morning, uncle Obed."

"Morning, morning, Squire Walker."

"Have you got any eels this morning?"

"No, I haun't.

"Who was out eeling last night?"

"I don't know, n't I—a good many on us."

"Well, I wish you would tell me some one in particular—I want to get a mess of eels this morning."

"Well, let me see—there was what's-his-name, 'long with who-is-t'-there-in-the-boat, had what-d'ye-call-him's eel spear—they got ten or twelve dozen, and they are the only ones I knew, by gosh."

Anecdote.—A friend has handed us the following anecdote, which he received in a letter from London. Resignation of office, like death, certainly affords us the means of avoiding some difficulties.

"Sir Robert Peel went to see His Majesty, when the Irish Church question was about to come before the Commons, and mentioned his fears that it would be carried against him. "It is," said Sir Robert, "a hard case upon me." "It is harder upon me," said His Majesty, "for you can resign, Sir Robert, but I cannot."

A Merchant who deals in Spirits.—In a country store, not fifty miles from our capitol, a few days since, a customer (who was a little now and then for the stomach's sake,) called, when the following dialogue ensued:

Customer.—Mr. ——, do you keep spirits to sell?

Merchant.—(With a visage unusually long for one of his profession)—Yes, sir; how much will you have?—(at the same time taking the fine cream-colored jug from the hand of his customer, and passing towards the back store.)

C.—Unusually elated with this reply)—Two quarts, sir, but what kind is it?

M.—(Maintaining his gravity)—Turpentine!

C.—Indeed, have you no other?—(immediately changing the longnode of his visage, and seizing at the handle of his favorite, whose little, modest, round mouth was already open to receive the lubrication.)

"None!" replied the merchant, which completed the disappointment, and had the effect of ejecting the customer and the jug from the store forthwith.—*Wood. stock, Vt. Whig.*

POLICE OFFICE.

AN ORIGINAL.—Among the various legends brought before Justice Wyman yesterday morning, was a "rale original"—a *genuwine* down-easter. He was entered on the watch returns by the name of Alfred Blakeman; and on a parallel with the name, in the column that was signified with the word "colligues" at the head of it, was placed the ominous words "crazy."

"Bring up that crazy man," said the Magistrate "and put him at the bar."

"Well, I guess he won't want a great deal of putting, Mister," exclaimed the derelict in question, in a peculiarly sonorous tone, that at once proclaimed him a newly imported product of the land of steady habits, "though I calculate that if you mean to have me in the roll-call or the crack'd lot, you'd better get me under a strap instead of a bar, by a natral sight."

Mag. What's your name?

Pris. Well, my father's name was John.

Mag. And what besides John?

Pris. John Blakeman.

Mag. And is your name John Blakeman?

Pris. Well, may be 'tis, and may be 'tant; he'l my name's Blakeman, t'other halls Alf-red—cant help my name you know, 'taint none of my chooseing—bear it like a good feller, though.

Mag. Well, Alfred Blakeman, where do you come from?

Pris. Well if you mean where do I come from, now, I should say your kinder quizzing, 'cause you know the name of the place underneath here where they locked me up better nor I do: but I guess you mean where I was raised. Why, I'll tell'e. Well, I guess, I was born nigh hand on the town of Stamford, that's in the State of Connecticut, pretty nigh to the lines. You see, I began life as a farmer; but then I had a sort of sneaking genius for the fine arts, and so I was bound to a carriage painter; but the plaguy critter never g'in me but one sort of food—and no meal—all the time, and he didn't go' me enough to tha; and you never see a streak 'o molasses from one year's end to t'other. So I cleared out with a few notions and peddled my way to York. Oh, I don't mind travelling long journeys—aint like my brother Bill; there's no sprawl in him—great slammerkin good for nothing—never need such a feller as Bill since I breathed the breath of life, I tell'e now. Well I come to York, and that same night I went to the fire—well, there was as many goods and notions all over the streets as you could shake a stick at 'twixt now and everlasting—well, I went to work and pulled off my coat, and I guess I saved about half o' the goods, may be about two-thirds—and then I come to look for my coat, and it was gone.

Mag. Was it a long tailed blue?

[Here the Mag strate handed out an old blue coat that had been brought in from the fire, and asked him if that was the coat he had lost.]

Pris. No, that's no acquaintance 'o mine, nor no relation to my coat. Well, when I lost my coat, I got riled all over inside and out, riglar ructious, and I said if I catch the feller that took it, I'd make him shave pretty nigh the grantun, and afore I'd done wash him, I'd make him wish his cake dough. Oh, I felt clear grit, jist then, I tell'ye: I had an everlasting spell o' fever; and a tall slab a ded feller comes in to me, and says he, "Mister, I guess that coat your'e a looking arter, never owned you for a master." "May be you'd like to bet something;" that man enough, aint ye, to back your word with a trifle?" But he wouldn't; and then says I, "Why I wonder what your'e good for," for he was all jaw like a sheep's head, while I am allers up and down like a sheep's tail going over a wall. I hate a sharper as I do pisin, but I don't care how close a feller is, better my hide, if I do. "Well," says he to me, "you seem tarnal cruked." "Well," says I, "I'm just about as cruked as them are cruked sticks they cut away down east; just so cruked they won't lay still; and," says I, "if you had all the kinks pull'd out o' your carcase, your ears button'd back, and a bladder haul'd over your mouth accordin to law, you'd sell for more than you would now, and last longer by a tarnal sight. I'd give more for you with the brussels off." And then he looked just about as small as the little end o' nothing whittled down to a pint. And then I told him he needn't calculate to cut up his nasty nigger didoes with me, for I'd been a little too far down east for that, and I'd seen somebody 'plaguy like him among the Injuns. So then, he says to me, "Do tell—you aint mad nor nothing, be you?" Then says I, "Button up your coat," and he did; "double up your fist"—he doubled up his fist; "now hit me," and he hit me right away—that was all I wanted, jist to be hit so he couldn't take the law on me, and then if he didn't get the stuffin taken out o' him there's no snakes. It takes about twenty blows to wake me up; and we'd only got about as sharp as six-penny nails pinted at both ends, when—darn and set fire to such a fellow—the watchman said I was mad, and tuck me up.

Mag. And if I let you go, which way will you steer next?

Pris. That's jist how the ship steers; for I mean to serve my country, and whip the French, to git them ten cent pieces they owe us; so I listed on board a man-o'-war that laye out in the bay a oysterin', for I fears no man on airth but God Almighty and only him in the dark.

Mag. Well, go and serve your country—you are discharged.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

PECULIARITIES OF MEN AND GENIUS.

HOMER, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook, nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a musician, as recorded by the infamous Zoilus.

VIRGIL was so fond of salt, that he so dom went without a box full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

ZOROASTER, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumb'e over it in the dark.

SHAKESPEARE, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to d spute with a shop keeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

PETER CORNEILLE, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

BANDEL was such a miser, that at the same time he was in receipt of fifty pounds a night from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

BURNS never remained sober so long as he could get drunk. It was in the fits occasioned by his peculiarity, that he wrote so many of those simple dogrels for servant girls, that we frequently find attached to beautiful airs, under the title of poetry, such as Wandering Willie, &c.

BYRON was also sadly addicted to the "mull stong." Some of his stanzas, however, were produced under the influence of the jolly god. According to his servant, Peter Conroy, lately deceased in this city, a pint of brandy was his nightly allowance.

SAMUEL ROGERS is an inveterate punster, albiet from his poetry, one might suppose him to be the gravest man in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from all poets, past, present, and to come, i. e., *three hundred lb. unend pounds.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL, though an ugly man, it is said, is very vain of his personal appearance; he once discharged a servant for hinting to him the propriety of getting a wig, as his hair was turning grey.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was said to have taken no pride in the wonderful creations of his genius, at the same time that he was extremely vain of his title of sheriff of the county.

HOOD, however, is the victim of a still more unpardonable vanity. Whenever he is asked out to dinner, he invariably says, "I shall do ye the pleasure, and then ye will ha' it to say, that he had the honor to a in company with the Ettrick Shepherd, allowed on all han's to be the greatest sang writer in the warld."

Anecdote of the late Emperor of Austria.—During one of his visits to Baden, the Emperor Francis was walking through the streets, as was his custom, like a private gentleman, and accompanied only by one or two persons of his household. He saw a funeral approaching; it was that of a beggar, whom poverty had so bereaved of friends, that no one followed his remains to their last resting place. This melancholy spectacle produced a profound impression on the Emperor's feelings. Turning to the person who accompanied him, he said, "Since this poor creature has no friend to see him interred, we will perform that sad office, and follow his remains to the grave." He walked behind the coffin, his attendants followed, and every one who passed, seeing the Emperor in the funeral train, successively ranged themselves in the procession. On arriving at the burial place, the Emperor uncovered, and offered up a pious prayer for the soul of the poor beggar. The history of heroic ages present few traits more sublime than this.

The Emperor's last visit to Prague, in 1833, was marked by a circumstance no less honourable to his feelings. His Majesty's hours of audience were fixed, the same as at Vienna. One day, a poor woman was among the number of the applicants. Her only means of subsistance was a lute, upon which she played about the streets, and which by some accident had been damaged. She said she could not afford to pay for the necessary repair, which would cost five florins. The Emperor gave her a purse containing ten. The woman looked at him with mingled gratitude and surprise, and gave him to understand that she needed only one half of the money. "Never mind," said the Emperor, smiling, "keep it; the lute may be broken again, and you will not always have me here to pay for repairing it."

THE AMERICAN ALOE.—It is a common opinion that this plant blossoms but once in a 100 years. But this is not a fact; the periods of its flowering depend on the rapidity of its growth and the climate in which it is placed. Thus in hot countries, where it grows fast and expands many leaved every season, it will bloom every year or two. But in colder climates where its growth becomes slow, much longer time must elapse before its stem shoots up. When vigorous, the stem usually grows to more than twenty feet in height. One of the highest of which we have any account, was in the king of Prussia's garden, and reached forty feet. The plant was first known to bloom in England in 1729 in the garden of a Mr. Cowell, at Hoxton near London. Another bloomed in 1737, at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, of which there is a print, and by the inscription on it, the stem bud appeared on the fifteenth of June, and grew five inches a day for some weeks. The flower branches were perfect in twelve weeks and then ceased to grow for a month; while the buds were forming. It produced 1050 flowers. One that bloomed at Leyden in 1760 produced more than 4000 flowers.

INHABITANTS OF LIMA.—Not far from the city of Lima) we met a group of natives on horseback. The gentlemen were in short white jackets, full white pantaloons, the ponchos hanging carelessly over one arm, Manilla hats, mounted with black ties under the chin, and the bits armed with long shanked silver spurs. The horses of all were caparisoned nicely after the fashion of the country. The saddle piece high before and behind, and covered with blue pillows, secured by girths, forming a deep seat, from which it is difficult to be thrown; because the front corners of the saddle come backwards over the thighs, forming for them a complete case. The stirrups are of pyramidal blocks of dark wood, carved in various figures, and the corners are covered with plates of silver. In one side of it a hole is scooped out to receive the foot. A broad piece of leather, cut into a sort of filigree figures, extend from the back of the saddle to the tail, and a similar piece passes round the haunch and flank, which gives to this furniture the appearance of a coach horse. The whole is ornamented with silver buckles and rings, and the head piece with a profusion of studs of the same metal. The ladies, who were at the middle age, sat straight in their saddles, which were in all respects like those of the men, except that the stirrups were silver, and the reins were of a finer texture. They wore full ponchos, which covered the upper part of the figure: that of the youngest, who was, perhaps, 20 years of age, was striped in a flowered pattern of gay colors. The hair hung in braids down the back from under the Manilla hat, which sat square on the head. Fine white pantalettes, fringed with lace at the bottom, a white silk sock and satin slipper, set off a beautiful foot, armed with a golden spur. The party consisted of six persons. Their horses were spirited, and the ladies managed them with perfect skill, now checking, and touching them at the same time with the spur, causing the animal to throw up its head proudly and dance off to one side; now, giving rein and spur at once, dashing off at full gallop for a hundred yards, and then checking him into a sudden halt. The men played off their steeds in the same manner, wheeling and carreoling about the ladies. The faces of all were animated by smiles and gay conversation. The females were brunettes, and seemed full of enjoyment. The parties dashed by us at full gallop, the long tails of their horses and the ponchos and hair streaming behind them.—*Three years in the Pacific.*

A FRAGMENT.

"You can't deny it, Burley, your wines of all kinds were detestable—port, madeira, claret, champagne."

"There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken! I assure you, sir, as I am an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine to my cellar; port and sherry."

"How!—when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir, my claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir,—gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they please to order, sir, especially the young gentlemen of Cambridge, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir. I never would have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry, because I knew them to be wholesome wines, sir, and thus I will say, sir, the port and sherry were the very best I could procure in all England."

"How! the best."

"Yes, sir; at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I had'nt been long in business, when I discovered that gentlemen knew very little about wine; but that if they did'nt find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less, always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; and they are exceedingly judges. (And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence). Well, sir; with respect to dinner parties, I was always tolerably safe; gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—

"Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar."

"Very true, sir; port and sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If one ordered madeira—from one bott'e of sherry, two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of the lemon; and thus I found to give general satisfaction; especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely make a living profit by my madeira, sir, for I used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my delicate p'er; (by the bye, a squeeze of the lemon added to that, made a very fair Bucellas, sir; a wine not much called for now, sir,) and for my old brown sherry, a little burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry, that had been twice to the East Indies, sir; and indeed, to my customers who were very particular about their wine, I used to serve it as such."

"But Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather——?"

"I guess what you would say, sir; I knew it to be a whole-some wine at bottom, sir. But my port which gave me the most trouble; gentlemen seldom sense about port, sir. One old gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine, it is too heavy.' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?' 'Why——um——no; I can't say——' I understand you, you like an older wine, sir? I think I can please you, sir.' Pump again, sir. 'Now, sir,' says I, (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light,) 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley, that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please every body the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my wine being poor; without body. In went one glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'aye, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you; you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went two glasses of wine and in went two or three glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favorite wine—but only with the young gentlemen of Cambridge, sir."

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines our, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was my claret, sir, with from three to six drops of Bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor, or a delicate flavor. As for champagne, sir, that of course I made myself."

"How do you mean of course, Burley?"

"Lord, sir," said he, with an innocent, yet waggish look; "surely every body makes his own champagne; what else can become of all the gooseberries?"

RURAL ECONOMIST.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The season for making this most delightful of all sweets is now pretty well over. From some of the towns we have heard complaints of the snap of cold weather which checked for a time the running of the sap; we believe, however, that those who commenced boiling again on the opportunity afforded by the recent warm weather, have made a pretty good season of it. One farmer in Leverett made 400 lbs. of sugar from the 3d running. In favorable years it is computed that 20,000 lbs. are made annually in that town alone. In Montoe and other westerly towns the "sugaring off" employs the whole population during the proper season. Hundreds of sugar trees, it is said, are set out every year adding no less to the beauty than the value of the farms to which they are transplanted. The sugar has sold this season at the average of 12 cents per pound; we have seen some however, prepared in Bernardston from the first runnings, and of remarkable fineness and flavor, which sold at the rate of 16 cents. A great deal of the New York maple sugar is refined into loaf; it has a body and strength which makes it peculiarly suitable for this purpose.—*Franklin (Mass) Mercury.*

To take impressions of Plants.—Take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet oil, after it has stood a minute or two rub off the superficial oil, and hang the paper in the air. When sufficiently dry move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp until it is perfectly black. Lay the plant thereon, place a piece of clean paper over, and rub it equally with the finger about half a minute; take up the plant, and place it on the paper or scrap book where it is desired to have the impression, cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and on repeating the rubbing a representation of the plant will appear, almost equal to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper will serve for a great number of impressions.—*Analyst.*

CELERY.—Sown in April and May. Celery seed seldom vegetates under four or five weeks after sowing. The best method is, to sow the seed in m-llow, rich earth, in a situation shaded, or covered by boards till the seed has vegetated; and observe to keep the ground always moist, and the soil pressed hard upon the seed when sown. Afterwards plant out in trenches for blanching.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.

FELLOW CITIZENS—Having been recommended by a respectable number of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of the City and County of Philadelphia, and respectfully solicit your support in the name of the Democratic standard myself, that if elected I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, very respectfully,

JOSEPH SNYDER.

june 13—4cf No. 107 Walnut st. below 4th.

Steam Engine Manufactory,
And Iron Foundry.

JACOB GREEN & Co. respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced the above business, in Penn street, a few doors above Marsh street, Kensington, late Johnson & Lebo's establishment) and are now prepared to execute orders for Steam Engines of high or low pressure principle of any power. Also, Steam Saw Mills for both stone and wood; copperplate and other presses, &c. sugar mills, on the most improved plan; a number of which are now in operation, and can be satisfactorily referred to. Castings of every description and weight, executed in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.

june 13—3cm

Important Information

TO FARMERS, who wish to increase their situations, by moving to the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, an opportunity is now offered for bettering their fortunes, at a small cost per acre, in that new and fertile region. The time of year is the most favorable for emigrating from the cities during the summer months, will find few other places more agreeable in itself, or more facile of approach than West Chester, which is but a few miles distant, and has connexion with Philadelphia, and in an opposite direction with the Susquehanna at Columbia.

JAMES WALTON.

june 6—3*

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article, designed for baking and roasting, and also answering other purposes—enhancing every good quality that can be thought of in a cooking stove, and avoiding many objections, is now offered for inspection and sale at 21 South Seventh street. For durability, convenience and economy, no article of the kind will bear any comparison. We challenge any one to produce its equal. Should any article prove to operate ill, and may be returned free of charge if it fails in any thing that we promise of it. One of its valuable properties is, its great simplicity; any one can manage it. It is constructed to prevent entirely smoke, gas, or escape of steam, rusted in bottle, boarding-houses and private families. It is warranted to bake twelve loaves of bread with 3 quarts of Charcoal; it is kept in full play in 20 minutes, and all other things in proportionate time. Let such as are sceptical try it, if there be any, prove it to me.

GOLD, FOSTER & Co. 78 Nassau st. New York.

WILLARD ASHLEY, Agent,

may 9—3m 21 South Seventh street, Philada.

CARPENTERS

COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA,

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient article to keep by them in the house, ready for the desire occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparation, as possessing all the qualities here described, and which will be found pleasant to the taste, mild in its influence, safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all rebellious wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article which possesses virtues that they can confidently rely on, and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces a healthy suppuration.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are shrouded upon the public, and may be administered with perfect safety in cases, where a mild and efficacious application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and glass, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 10—1y

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth.

No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 2 '35—1y

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 43 PRUNE ST above Fifth street, feb 9. '34—tf

A Card.

W. L. HALLIFIELD, Surgeon Dentist, No. 107 Pine st. has for sale the incorruptible Porcelain Teeth of a superior quality, on fine Gold Plates, on moderate terms. Also, Teeth and Fangs extracted, Teeth plugged, filed and cleansed. All operations warranted.

References.—Dr. George McClellan, Dr. John Rhea: and many gentlemen of the city and other gentlemen of the highest respectability may ab be persons may 30—3m

DR. WOOD'S TRUSS,

For the immediate Relief and Radical Cure of HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

THE proprietors of the instrument, have the satisfaction to announce to the medical profession, that this newly invented Truss and system of treatment has removed the expectations of the most distinguished Surgeons and Physicians of this city and the country; and that by the method of treatment which they have adopted, the necessity of the knife has been abandoned as heretofore, to be accomplished with almost absolute certainty, and with perfect safety. Upwards of one hundred cases treated within a short time in this city alone, many of which had been pronounced incurable by the most eminent of the profession, are now ready for the inspection of any who may desire to call and examine the instrument, and to the judgment and skill with which you entrust the practice in each particular case. The Truss is so adapted that any person can use it without the least inconvenience to the wearer, and is recommended in the strongest terms by those who have been operated upon. Children are particularly benefited by it, and none will refuse to take it. It is so well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family should always keep it in their houses, as many cases would have a call if none but Doctors and travelling persons should always carry it with them.

This medicine is put up in neat wooden moulded plasts of 2 and 4 ounces each, with the words "DR. WOOD'S Strengthening Balsam," blown on them, and the written signatures of Dr. Jayne on the bottom of each one—otherwise they are spurious. This medicine is not recommended as a "Panacea" or "Quack Medicine," but as a valuable remedy in cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa, when taken in the early stages of the complaint, before the bowels have been reduced by any other combination of medicine ever used. It has never failed effecting cures, when every other means had failed, aided by the strictest and diet on the above. Numbers who used to be troubled with Diarrhœa during the hot weather, have been removed by the use of a few bottles of it, the most Dysenteries arrested, and Cholera Morbus cured. The spasms attending the Malignant Cholera have always been suppressed in from one half to one minute, and what is each dreaded and fatal disease repeatedly cured without the aid of any other article of medicine, long after collapse had taken place, and the patient had every appearance of being on the verge of eternity, where although the pulse, breath and body were cold and clammy, the skin shrivelled, and the countenance ghastly in despair. It has been like a guardian angel, restored the distressed, and "snatched many sufferers from the "cold monster's cruel grasp," and restored them to their friends, who have good health, and with renewed energy. In fact, its power over spasmodic diseases of every kind, seems to be absolute, as it has never yet been known to fail of giving relief in a single instance. Bilious pains, headache, and nervous Tic. Cramps, &c. are also soon removed by it. Hundreds of females and sedentary persons are about to experience relief from its dark and nervous headache, as two or three teaspoonfuls is generally sufficient to relieve the most severe attack. Children labouring under the Summer Complaint, have been cured in a short time after all known remedies had failed; those too who have been so entirely prostrated that their parents almost gratuitously threw them away, as beyond the hope of recovery abandoned by all who saw them, have by a few weeks' use of this medicine, been restored to perfect health, and grown absolutely fat upon it.

For sale by DR. D. JAYNE, sole Proprietor, Solem, N. J., and by least Thompson, corner of Second and Market st., West's Drug Store, No. 10 Market street, P. Williamson, corner of Second and Arnold streets, Joseph Reed, corner of Third and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and by agents in most of the cities in the United States. may 9—3m.

Dr. D. Jayne's

CARMINATIVE BALSAM & WEALTH RESTORATIVE—for Pleasant, Effectual or Speedy Cure of Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint, Cholera, Cramps, Sour Stomach, &c. &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam has become so extensively used throughout the United States and West Indies, and is daily adding laurels to its already great reliability, the proprietor is induced to offer a few remarks to the public in relation to the same. Dr. D. Jayne also gives some ample directions for its use. This medicine has been before the public for three or four years past, and has created probably a greater degree of popularity than any medicine ever before offered to the public. It contains no poisonous article, but a mineral of an active character, and is carefully compounded, so as to be of uniform strength and consistency. It will keep good for years, and is not liable to spoil by age. Children are generally very fond of it, and some will refuse to take it. It is so well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family as a call always keep it by their bureau, as many a child's life has been saved by its timely use. Balsam and travelling persons should always carry it with them.

This medicine is put up in neat wooden moulded plasts of 2 and 4 ounces each, with the words "Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam," blown on them, and the written signatures of Dr. Jayne on the bottom of each one—otherwise they are spurious. This medicine is not recommended as a "Panacea" or "Quack Medicine," but as a valuable remedy in cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa, when taken in the early stages of the complaint, before the bowels have been reduced by any other combination of medicine ever used. It has never yet been known to fail of giving relief in a single instance. Bilious pains, headache, and nervous Tic. Cramps, &c. are also soon removed by it. Hundreds of females and sedentary persons are about to experience relief from its dark and nervous headache, as two or three teaspoonfuls is generally sufficient to relieve the most severe attack. Children labouring under the Summer Complaint, have been cured in a short time after all known remedies had failed; those too who have been so entirely prostrated that their parents almost gratuitously threw them away, as beyond the hope of recovery abandoned by all who saw them, have by a few weeks' use of this medicine, been restored to perfect health, and grown absolutely fat upon it.

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Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 91 South Third street, half way between Market and Chestnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

2,500 La Plata Hides, 200 La Guyra Hides,
3800 Cali, do. 500 Pernambuco, do
1000 Rio Grande, do. all of the best quality.
2500 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kipps, for Upper Leather.
100 Bales Goat Skins and Bank Oil.

All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
No. 91 South Third Street.

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he intends to keep on hand at his Store, N. E. corner of 6th and Wood streets, Philadelphia, a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines of the best quality. Patent medicines of all kinds. Dr. Jayne's Medicines, Expectorant, Tonic, Vermifuge, and also his pure wines ample directions for its use. This medicine has been before the public for three or four years past, and has created probably a greater degree of popularity than any medicine ever before offered to the public. It contains no poisonous article, but a mineral of an active character, and is carefully compounded, so as to be of uniform strength and consistency. It will keep good for years, and is not liable to spoil by age. Children are generally very fond of it, and some will refuse to take it. It is so well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family as a call always keep it by their bureau, as many a child's life has been saved by its timely use. Balsam and travelling persons should always carry it with them.

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Coal Grates and Fenders.

JAMES M. JACKSON